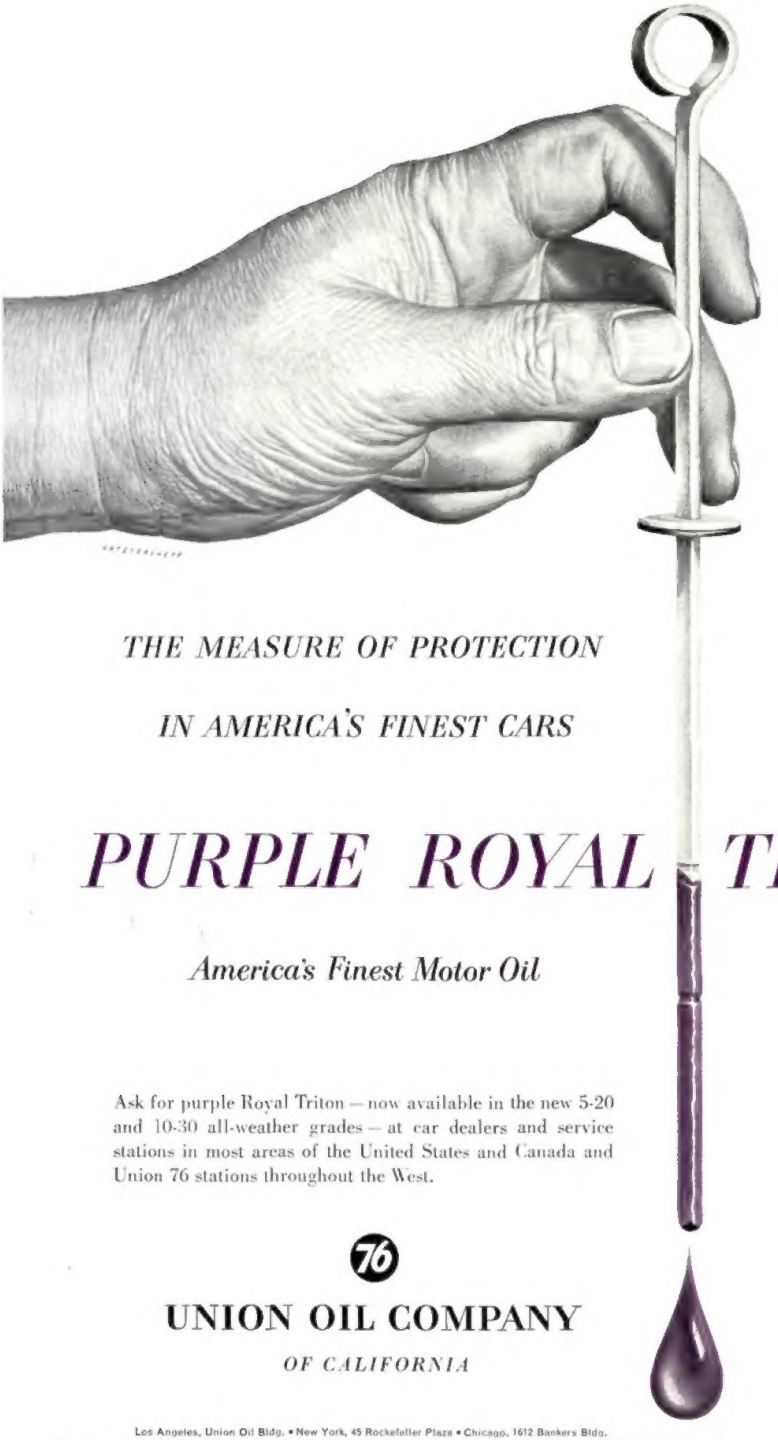
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 7, 1955
25 CENTS



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PAT ON THE BACK

A salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

LARKIN W. WEEDON JR.

Larkin Weedon, 31-year-old Washington, D.C. carpenter, first learned about duckpins from the other end of the alley, as a pin setter when he was in high school. As soon as he could afford to become a paying customer, Weedon took up the sport seriously. With 15 years of duckpins behind him, he has averaged as high as 128 (considered excellent for duckpins), bowled a five-game series of 786 recently for a new world pinfall record.

GAYLE WALDROP

When Gayle Waldrop first tried out for basketball at Lowell, N.C. High School in 1952, she was an awkward 195-pounder. Now 16 and slimmed down to 160, Gayle is averaging 62 points a game, made 92 in one contest this year. She stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, scores from close in with a nifty two-hand overhead push shot. A junior, she has made 1,829 points, hopes to hit 3,000 by next year.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX

JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

How much should a wife indulge her husband's love for sports?

ZSA ZSA GABOR, Hollywood, Calif.
Movie actress

"A smart wife gives her husband a free rein. Men rebel when the shackles are too tight. When men are hunting, fishing or flying, they'll wonder what their wives are doing. But a husband shouldn't drown himself fishing, shoot himself hunting or kill himself flying. A good man is hard to find."

FRANK M. MURPHY, Long Island, N.Y.
C.P.A.

"My wife tells me that I'm welcome to indulge in any sport at any time in which women are not included. Outdoor sports are okay. Bluntly, she'd rather have me with men when we're not together. She's no different from other wives. Most of my male friends have the same complaint."

MRS. J. WILLIAM KLAESS
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
Housewife

"She should never stand in his way. Sports delay the middle-aged spread. My husband is an ex-athlete. I had to choose between becoming a golf widow or learning golf. Today we belong to a country club. He has broken 80 in tournaments. I do okay in women's matches."

CHARLES ATLAS, Point Lookout, N.Y.
"The Strongest Man in the World"

"No wife will object to her husband taking long walks, exercising in the gym or going to some afternoon sports event. But golf is different. It's the most selfish sport in the world. No wife should ever permit it. And only the most inconsiderate husband would play golf regularly."

MRS. CHARLES ANDREWS
Battle Creek, Mich.
Housewife

"Very little. The men can't fool us. Take those two husbands who went ice fishing. They almost froze. So they went to the hotel and did a lot of drinking with the women there. Then they bought fish to show their wives back home. Think of wasting all that money on 'fake' fish!"

HENRY CASTELLO, New York, N.Y.
Restaurateur

"Are you crazy? She should have no say. I like to fish. I've fished from bridges all night, sometimes in the driving rain, and I've gone out to my shoulders when I've been surf casting for striped bass. My wife calls this moronic. She goes frantic trying to give the fish away to the neighbors."

MRS. REUELL ELTON, Chevy Chase, Md.
Housewife

"Let him go any time he wants to. My husband is a football fan. He insisted on my going to the Harvard-Yale game. I got as far as New York and reneged. When he picked me up on the way back, I had spent $250 for new clothes. And he said the game was lousy—underdog Harvard won."

SAM SAMPSON, Hewlett, N.Y.
President, Swank, Inc.

"My wife doesn't interfere. I play golf, but she doesn't like to tag along. I go fishing in my cruiser, but she doesn't like fishing. She has never interfered with anything I enjoy. She is anxious that I engage in sports that are good for me. There's no suspicion of other women, not at my age."

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PORFIRIO RUBIROSA, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic
Diplomat

"A wife who loves and trusts her husband will want him to engage in every sport he likes. She will even share some with him. She won't spend most of the day in bed while he plays polo. If she doesn't trust him, thoughts of other women will always be in her mind. Then he has to lie a bit."

MRS. MARGIE USHER, Los Angeles, Calif.
Housewife

"It's the husband who shouldn't be unreasonable. My husband was nuts about duck shooting. He'd squeeze me into a tiny boat on cold winter mornings and row into the reeds. Know what happened? We're divorced. I married another man who hates ducks, even as an entree."

MARY CRONDICE, Samoa Islands
"Queen of Samoa"

"It's not the wife's business. The man is king. In the U.S. the king has abdicated. He doesn't dare do anything without asking his wife's permission. So she lives longer and owns about 70% of the wealth. If he were king and kept up his sports, he'd live longer and own the money he earns."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

How can the United States win the Olympic Games?

play through!

Got a man? Wanna get one? Whether he prefers golf or dominoes, hill and dale or slippers and TV, Marlboro's "Fairway" is his dish. It's joyously comfortable, jubilantly handsome, with a silk embroidered design highlighting the luxurious Lin 'n Nub rayon fabric: a Valentine gift that's both romantic and practical!

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BOATING

LAVOIE'S BAT TO E-Z SQUIRT

This year's National Motor Boat Show at New York had many more marine wonders than any one man could count

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

NEW STYLE TRAILER-BOAT HAS ITS OWN DETACHABLE WHEELS

THERE's plenty that's new this year in boats and boating equipment. That's the inescapable conclusion after repeated wanderings through the National Motor Boat Show which closed in New York last week.

First noticed was the 40-foot molded plywood sloop shown by Luders. Her 60-foot mast towered above the armada of sail and power craft gathered in the huge Kingsbridge Armory. Never before had such a large auxiliary-powered sailboat been made of plywood. "Never again, either," thought some, as they noted her price tag of $38,500. That isn't cheap, it's true, but she's built to last and to provide easy maintenance through the years. As such, this type of construction could catch on in large boats just as it already has in smaller craft, both sail and power.

There was nothing startlingly new among the larger power cruisers, except for some of the equipment we later found on them. It was the smaller power boats that made the news. Ten years ago the cheapest two-berth power cruiser at any of the shows was about $1,500. In 1940 dollars that was a fair piece of change. Today, even though boat prices have kept pace with cars, homes and fur coats, one can still get a two-berth cruiser for $1,500 and even less. What's the catch? None, really, except that she's smaller and different —she's an outboard cruiser.

Outboard motors have advanced so tremendously in the past few years that cruisers with the engine outside the boat are now entirely practical. The motors now boast gear shifts, remote fuel tanks, electric starters and generators—and one manufacturer (Scott-Atwater) even has a motor which bails your boat. The big advance in these motors this year is their comparative quietness, something impossible to demonstrate at the show but nonetheless true.

In the competition among builders of outboard cruisers to produce the most boat in the fewest feet at the lowest price, some wondrous compromises have been made. The most startling seen at the Boat Show was the arrangement of the galley sink on one 18-foot outboard cruiser. When it was swung up, one discovered it had been draining into the toilet. The sink in upward position formed a wall of privacy.

NEW DESIGNS

While outboard cruisers are no longer new, their increasing popularity was demonstrated by unprecedented numbers at this show. They are infinitely better in design, too. For the first time all at the show had proper protection against swamping due to the cut-down transoms required to get the propeller low enough to function. There is now either a watertight bulkhead forward of the transom, or the motor is supported from a bracket off the transom, or it is mounted in a watertight well inside the boat.

TWIN OUTBOARDS provide high horsepower rating for low-priced cabin cruisers.

A few years ago the largest outboards at the show were 25 hp, and not many of them. Now there's the Mercury 40-hp and Scott-Atwater 30. It's a backbreaking job to mount these 25-hp and larger motors on the transom, not to mention the chance of losing one's grip and seeing close to $500 worth of machinery sink out of sight. That's why the motor-handling davit in the cockpit of the Topper outboard cruiser makes so much sense. It's one of those new features so simple and so vitally necessary that one wonders why it wasn't commonplace years ago.

Paralleling the rise in outboard boats and cruisers is a rise in the production of trailers to transport them on. Whereas only 1,000 trailers were built 10 years ago, about 100 times that number are turned out annually today. Never before had so many been displayed at the show; and in the majority of cases, the basic design was pretty much unchanged except for the addition of tilt devices on some to make the boat slide more easily into the water. The one truly new "trailer" was that offered by The Anchorage. It was a boat with detachable wheels, which makes even trailers unnecessary.

Kit boats, the feature of recent boat shows, are still prevalent but seem to be slipping as manufacturers continue to close the price gap between finished boats and those sold in kit form. The kits, however, can often mean the difference between owning and not owning a boat and as such are destined to retain a justified if slightly subdued popularity.

The influence of automotive styling on boat design was never more noticeable than at this year's show. The Century runabouts, with their curved wraparound windshields, rear view mirrors, two-tone paint jobs and abundance of chrome were forerunners of this trend. Nelson Taylor and Kainer, in the marine equipment section, were doing a brisk business on their wraparound windshields, which were available for every kind of power boat from small outboard runabouts on up.

Something akin to power steering is

now available even for outboard runabouts in the hydraulic steering control made by Bruning Marine Products ($69.50).

Advances in electronics were particularly prominent at the show. We found four companies (Raytheon, Bendix, Edo and Lavoie) offering radar in sets cheap enough and light and small enough to prove really practical on power cruisers as small as 40 feet. They still cost a fair amount (Lavoie's "Bat" being $2,995, the others around $3,500), but this is only a small percentage of the cost of the boats they will go on, and equipment of such great value can hardly be termed a luxury.

Direction finders, which just a few years ago sold for around $400, are now in great abundance at the show for under $200, with a few truly practical sets close to $100.

BETTER BARGAINS

Radiotelephones have also come down in price as they've boomed in popularity and, to a slightly lesser extent, the same is true of automatic steering controls. Depth finders, formerly for big boats only, are now in reach of all with Wilfrid White's White Echo at $169.75. It doesn't have the range of larger sets (to 80 feet only) but it's the last few feet that count and this set is small enough, and cheap enough, for cruisers of any size.

In the vast array of marine hardware at the Merriman booth there was one new item which in particular caught my eye. It was a pulpit, a sort of a guard rail for the bow of power or sailboats to keep one from falling overboard when changing headsails, grabbing for the mooring, etc. The striking thing about the Merriman pulpit is the adjusting features which make them adaptable to almost any boat, at the comparatively low price of $55.

At the Sudbury Laboratory booth there were, as usual, a number of new and fascinating products, including an 8-foot Plexiglas dinghy which had been built in 2 minutes (is this the forerunner of the first real mass production in the boating field?), a dry ice refrigerator which can make natural ice, and an inexpensive ($3.95) bilge pump, the E-Z Squirt, with which a sailor hiking on the windward rail can pump the lee bilges.

The innovations and new trends mentioned above were almost matched by many others unearthed after a week of poking about the show. The thousands of newcomers to the sport aren't the only new things in boating! END

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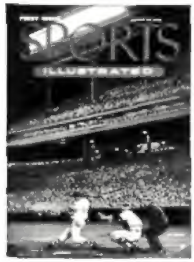
MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WITH this issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is exactly half a year old. In the first of these memos, 26 issues ago, I mentioned our hopes that you would in some tomorrow come to think of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED not as Time Inc.'s newest baby but as the essential weekly reporter of the Wonderful World of Sport. This has happened, it is fair to say, even faster than the most optimistic of us had thought possible.



SI's knowledgeable, enthusiastic readers have already made this new national weekly the accepted magazine voice of sports and their expanding role in an increasingly sports-minded American life.

During a period from only midsummer to midwinter, SI has brought more than 80 different sports and recreations to its pages—perhaps the most striking clue as to why SI, fulfilling its responsibility to cover *all* sports, has been an immediate success.

In the field of major sports, each in its season, readers of SI have come to know and expect authoritative, colorful and *complete* reporting. Our football coverage is an excellent case in point. Indefatigable Herman Hickman contributed preseason team roundups, early season regional breakdowns, weekly hunches and on-the-spot game reports through to the Cotton Bowl, even taking time out to argue with Biggie Munn about one vs. two platoons. You also read about Canadian football; stadium statistics; marching songs; cheerleaders; Y. A. Tittle, Buddy Parker, Lou Little and Michigan's No. 44, workhorse Back John Daniel Cline; a sidelight by Otto Graham on the rougher aspects of the pro game; divergent views of the college game by Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame and Robert Hutchins, late of the University of Chicago; a cheer for touch football by Duane Decker; another for Slippery Rock Teachers by Bob Creamer; scouting reports on the Army-Navy and bowl games; stories on the four big bowl games by four leading coaches, two of them undefeated in 1954—and that's still not all of it.

But SI has also been present at less crowded areas of the sports world. Mountain climbing, spelunking, weight lifting and hurling, among others, are all an integral part of sports; and as such have already been, as they will be again, an integral part of SI's story.

Beyond its complete coverage of sports, SI has brought *unique* coverage, not only in the quality of its reporting, but with its continuing features appearing nowhere else: the scouting reports; FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR; COMING EVENTS; SCOREBOARD; TIP FROM THE TOP.

Your response to all these things in the short space of six months is welcome evidence that American families today are productively filling their hours of play and leisure more than ever with the exuberance, achievement and simple peace of mind which in large measure define the world of sport which six-months-old SI reports.

Harry Phillips

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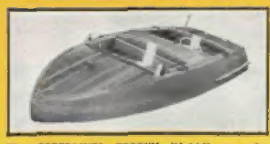

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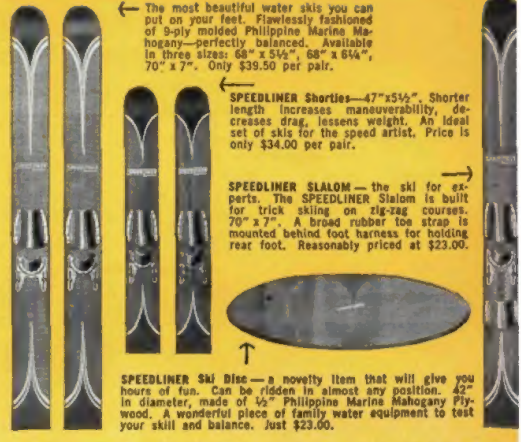

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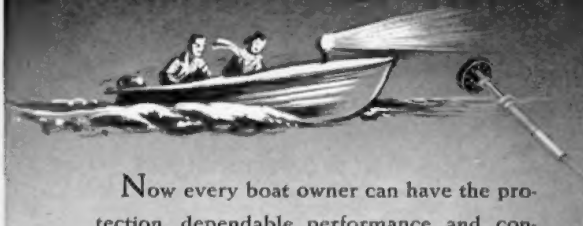

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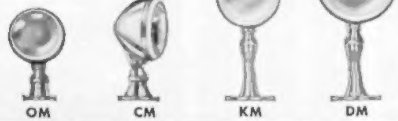
Four of the many sizes available ranging from 9¾" to 16" high with shell diameters from 5½" to 8".



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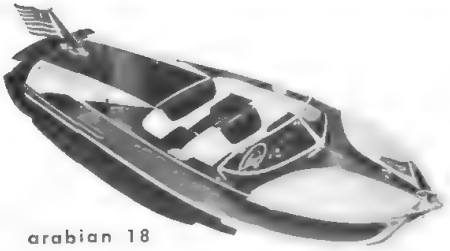

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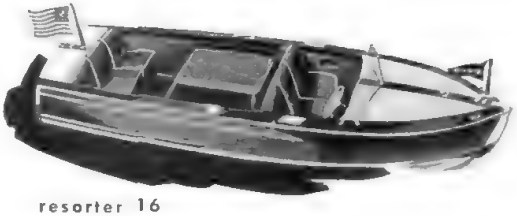

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SOME PRETTY FANCY PETS

by JOHN O'REILLY

AMERICANS are leaning toward reptiles and amphibians as pets. I don't know just how far they have leaned because it seems to be a trend that statisticians have overlooked. But the number of U.S. homes harboring turtles, alligators, toads, lizards, newts, salamanders and even poisonous snakes is definitely on the increase.

Baby turtles are sold all over the place. Dime stores handle thousands of them. In its latest compilation the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service reports that 247,400 baby turtles were shipped to the pet market in one season. That is a heap of turtles, especially when placed against a recent estimate of the American Kennel Club that there are 22 millions dogs in the U.S.

So many baby alligators were being shipped out of Florida that the state, fearing complete loss of this interesting reptile, passed a law prohibiting their collection and sale. But where there is a demand there is a way. Now baby caymans, sharper nosed cousins of the alligator, are being shipped up from South America. Louisiana passed a similar law protecting their little anoli, those green lizards which are sold as chameleons.

In the last 10 years the Bronx Zoo, in New York, has received 550 baby alligators as gifts from persons who tired of their reptilian pets. Others have shown up in northern streams where no alligator ever lived naturally. Sometimes, of course, these represent efforts to get rid of gifts sent by puckish friends. One rare Orinoco crocodile that had been somebody's pet showed up at the zoo. They also have received turtles beyond count-

continued on next page

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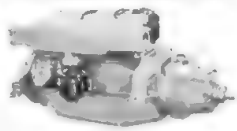

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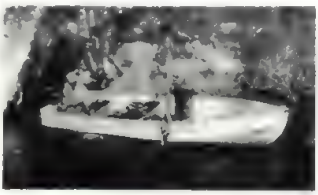

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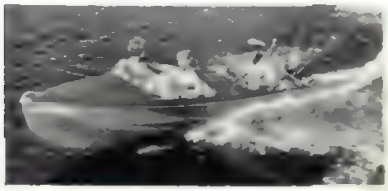

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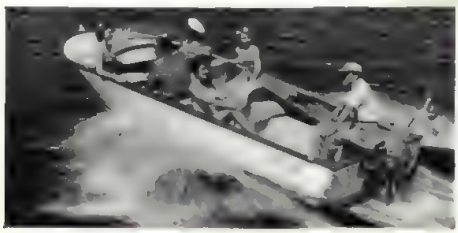

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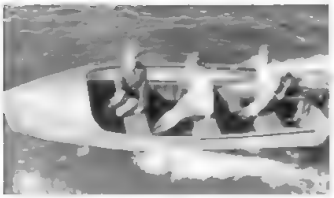

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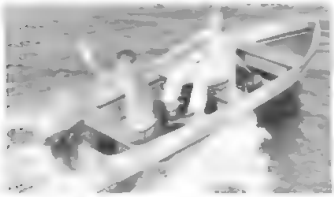

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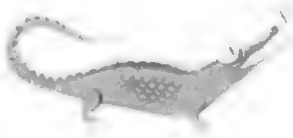
ing, many with their shells painted. This is bad because the paint retards growth and warps the turtle's shell.

Turtles and alligators, although numerous, are still only a part of the reptiles and amphibians which have been received into American homes. Take some recent readers as cases in point. A young man wanted a zoo to keep his two pet rattlesnakes while he went to college. A draftee gave the bullfrog he had kept for five years to the Bronx Zoo because he couldn't take it into the Army. A man in New Jersey has 30 turtles breeding in his back yard.

Arizona had to protect its famous Gila monster because too many people were carrying them away. Now there is a $25 fine for hoisting a Gila monster; this despite the fact that the Gila is poisonous. It and its close relative, the Mexican beaded lizard, are the only two poisonous lizards in the world. But to reptile fanciers that seems to make them all the more alluring.

Dr. James A. Oliver, curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo, has noted the increase in reptile and amphibian pets with great interest. He says rattlesnakes, lizards, toads and the like as "curio-ornamental" pets as opposed to "cuddly-companion" pets such as pups and kittens. If a man is harboring a six-foot python in his apartment it sets him apart from the usual run of dog lovers and canary keepers. Also it is more impressive to say on leaving a cocktail party early, "I have to pick up some meal worms for my Australian stumptailed lizard," than to announce, "I



have to stop off and get some cat meat."

Dr. Oliver says these "curio-ornamental" pets respond but little to human attention. They just prefer to be aloof and odd.

"They do learn to recognize the people feeding them," he told me, "and some do learn to respond to a given call or signal."

But that is about all you can expect. Some owners, however, claim far greater responses, most of which Dr. Oliver looks upon with the cold eye of scientific skepticism. One woman claimed her turtled talked or at least made loud noises which sounded as if it were

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Thomas R. Rooney, Manager
National Sports & Boat Show,
San Francisco

trying to talk. She even offered to let Dr. Oliver talk to it over the phone. The scientist refused to indulge in any idle gab with a turtle on the telephone and told the woman to bring it in for a conference. She never did.

Red-eared turtles and the false-map or sawback turtle are the two species most commonly kept as pets. People lug them and other critters around, and

when they escape they sometimes become established where they never were before. The red-eared turtle has become established in Michigan and the Hawaiian Islands in this manner. The Cuban anoli also has become a resident of Hawaii, and Texas horned toads, really lizards, now thrive in many parts of Florida and southern France.

Many persons are not content with just a turtle but load up with rare foreign lizards and snakes. Often this leads to trouble because many reptiles and amphibians have special requirements. Even baby turtles and alligators won't do well unless provided with proper temperatures and food. Zoos publish pamphlets, and how-to books on the subject are also appearing.

NO WALKS ON A LEASH

An analysis of the trend toward reptiles and amphibians in the American home shows several reasons for it all. They are quiet, take up but little space and can be kept in a small tank or cage under an electric light. They don't have to be walked on a leash, and if the owner goes on a vacation he can give his alligator a big meal before he leaves and find it happy on his return. Above all, they are different. Some people start with a single pet and become so interested that they take it up seriously and make worthwhile contributions to herpetology. Herpetology, though it sounds like something the barber puts on your hair, is the study of reptiles and amphibians.

If you feel the urge for a reptile (turtle, alligator, snake or lizard) or an amphibian (frog, toad, newt or salamander) by all means go ahead and get yourself one. But take it easy. Start with a red-eared turtle, say. Get some literature and learn how to care for it. From there you can move on to blue-tailed skink or an Indian rock python. Then you'll be going places. END

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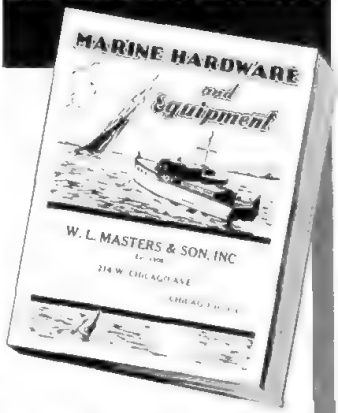

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Under the glare of lights in Phoenix, Arizona HY PESKIN *photographs the tense and beautiful spectacle of greyhounds whipping furiously around an oval track. Four pages of a fast-growing, dramatic sport* IN COLOR

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Young Tenley Albright is an old figure skating champion at 19—old enough to know, anyway, what it means to reach the heights, and fall, to rise again. Her friend and teacher, MARIBEL VINSON, *talks about her brightest pupil*

34 **PAUTZKE AND HIS SUPERTROUT**

Out in the State of Washington a dedicated biologist is filling the streams with 20-pound steelhead. Dramatic good news for fishermen by JOE MILLER *and* PAUL O'NEIL

38 **PREVIEW: MILLROSE GAMES**

The 48th annual running of an American track-and-field classic takes place in New York's Madison Square Garden this weekend. BOGART ROGERS *writes about Fred Schmertz, a founder and organizer, and* JOHN GROTH *interprets the beauty and excitement of its orderly confusion in his unique watercolors. With a special rundown on the events and star competitors*

COVER: *Carol Heiss*

Photograph by HY PESKIN

Carol Heiss of Ozone Park, N.Y. is a beguiling little blonde who also happens to be one of the finest female figure skaters in the world. However, she won't be satisfied until she knows she is the very best (*p. 17*). This month, at the World Championships in Vienna, she will go after the biggest prize of all; but before she gets it, she will have to beat another pretty and talented American, Tenley Albright of Boston (*p. 28*).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW

An SI Preview of the nation's No. 1 canine event—its history, its leading personalities, its problems and how the blue ribbons are awarded. With a four-page foldout of champion dog portraits and a genealogical chart IN COLOR

A VISIT TO COOPERSTOWN

A distinguished author and lifelong baseball fan, JAMES T. FARRELL, takes his 14-year-old son on a nostalgic journey to the Hall of Fame

THE MILLROSE GAMES

The results of the 48th annual track-and-field classic in words and pictures—a comprehensive documentary

PLUS: FISHING IN LAKE TITICACA—A REPORT IN COLOR

FEBRUARY 7, 1955

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

TWO MEN AGAINST THE

Switzerland's old bobsledding "pros"—Fritz Feierabend and Franz Kapus —turned the 1955 World Bobsledding Championship into a personal duel

ST. MORITZ

ON THE EVE of the 1955 World Bobsled Championships here Dick Severino, captain and driver of the U.S. first team, was asked who he thought was going to win. Without hesitation he named the Swiss. "Taking on the old Swiss pros at St. Moritz is roughly equivalent to playing the Yanks in Yankee Stadium," he said.

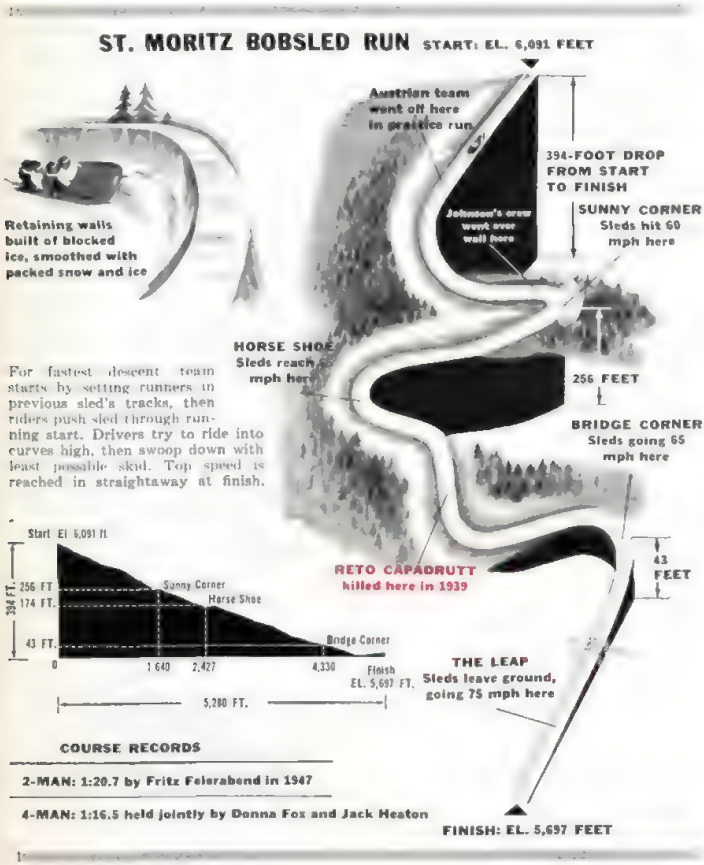
Captain Severino had the situation precisely analyzed. The championships last weekend turned into a personal duel between two great Swiss drivers, Franz Kapus and Fritz Feierabend, with the 11 visiting crews fighting it out for third place.

Kapus and Feierabend represented the expert elite in 1955's main event of this dangerous and breath-taking pastime. In the end it was Kapus, a big, phlegmatic man with the nerves of a block of ice, who won, beating Feierabend by exactly three one-hundredths of a second after four runs down the one-mile track. But Kapus didn't get his win until he'd been through one of the most exciting, slam-bang, hell-for-leather battles in the history of winter sports.

Fritz Feierabend, a thin fellow with enormously powerful hands and back muscles like iron bands, is now 47, and this was his 23rd (counting two- and four-man events) championship. He has never finished worse than fourth and six times he's won. He was four-man champion at Cortina in 1939, at St. Moritz in 1947 and again at Cortina last year. He won the two-man event at St. Moritz in 1947, at Cortina in 1950 and again here at St. Moritz last week. He rode his first bobsled 37 years ago. His father, Carl Feierabend, a tiny little man now 78, was Swiss champion for years, drove his last race when he was 67. The Feierabends, father and son, in one sense couldn't lose at St. Moritz this weekend because no matter who won he would be driving a Feierabend sled. Carl started making bobsleds half a century ago. Since the 1932 Olympics, the Feierabend shop in Engelberg, near Lucerne, has had a virtual monopoly in championship sleds. Every one of the 13 sleds that started here was a Feierabend, each representing $1,400 in the family bank account. The Feierabends also make plumbing fixtures in their small shop.

Franz Kapus is also a mechanic. Now 45, he works in a Zurich flour mill when not careening around ice banks at 70 mph. Before Sunday he was known as one of the best drivers in the business but always seemed to miss. A 10-year veteran, Kapus was fifth in the 1948 Olympics, Swiss champion in 1949 and 1955, third at Cortina in 1950, fourth in the 1952 Olympics. Last year at Cortina was supposed to have been Kapus' year. He had a beautifully drilled team and a fine sled, one of the best the Feierabends had ever turned out. But in practice he went over a curve and was so badly injured he had to withdraw. Fritz Feierabend took over his undamaged sled and crew and won. It was a bitter experience for Kapus, who spent the next 12 months brooding and planning.

Feierabend and Kapus, who are coolly polite to each other, came to St. Moritz playing for keeps. Both men knew



WORLD

by JAMES BELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH CRANE

the beautiful run intimately. It's the kind of run which puts a premium on precise driving. It's not so fast as Cortina, Oslo or Lake Placid but its terrifying Horse Shoe Curve, one of the tightest in the business, can baffle the most experienced driver. Only 50 feet from entrance to exit, it whips a sled (weighing 507 pounds and carrying a crew and ballast weighing another 880 pounds), zipping along at about 65 miles an hour, around a full 180°. If you want to know why there is a sign reading "Insurance against accidents can be contracted here" at the start of the St. Moritz run, go watch a bob slam through Horse Shoe like an express train hitting a tunnel.

Switzerland's two old pros were at each other immediately in the first two heats run off Saturday afternoon. Feierabend opened with a run of one minute, 18 and one-tenth seconds. Kapus replied with a 1:18.17 descent. Kapus' second run was 1:18.29 and Feierabend, driving in the growing darkness, came home in 1:18.11 on his second run, during which his sled rammed into an ice hole on Horse Shoe and ruined the front-runner assembly and the housing of the left rear runner.

Saturday night Feierabend led by one quarter of a second, but his sled was in no condition to continue. The U.S. Air Force, in a fine piece of sportsmanship, stepped up and loaned Feierabend the front assembly and rear housings from its No. 2 sled. Saturday night, as Feierabend nursed a terrible headache brought on by the jolt, Kapus and his tightly knit crew (a 28-year-old Zurich advertising copy writer, a 28-year-old Montreux policeman and a 39-year-old butcher who used to be Switzerland's wrestling champion) talked it over. Horse Shoe was bad. They would have to ride high enough to miss the soft spot that nearly got Feierabend. Maintenance crews

continued on next page

RIDING HIGH along the wall of perilous Horse Shoe curve, driver Dick Severino whips his U.S. Air Force sled through the 180° turn at more than 60 mph clip.

FRANZ KAPUS ROARED PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE LIP OF HORSE SHOE CURVE TO AVOID THE DANGEROUS SOFT SPOT THAT BROUGHT

BOBSLEDDING *(continued from page)*

worked through the night getting Horse Shoe and the rest of the run in shape for Sunday morning.

Kapus ran first in the third heat. Crowds at the start and lining the run gasped when his time was announced: 1:16.76! This was a quarter of a second over the track record (held jointly by the U.S.'s Donna Fox and Jack Heaton, who both did 1:16.5 in 1937), set in the days when there was no weight limit on sleds and crews.

Undaunted, Feierabend adjusted his goggles and his great crew gave him a fine start. The crowd roared when he hit Sunny Corner in 33 seconds, banged through Horse Shoe at 46 seconds and was past Tree checkpoint in 56 seconds. His fantastic run was done in 1:16.72. As other crews ran down course, bobsledding's *aficionados* (this is a disease, not a sport, one explained to me) paid them no heed, watched Switzerland's two old pros prepare for the final run.

Calmly Feierabend sat in the brilliant sun with his English wife Dolly. You would have thought he was on a picnic. Kapus and his crew (firm friends of long standing) carefully sandpapered their runners to absolute smoothness. They talked quietly among themselves. As Feierabend prepared for his final descent the run was getting slower and more cut up. He whooshed down in 1:17.62, nine-tenths of a second slower than his great third run, but very fast indeed. A quick bit of figuring told Kapus and his boys they had to do 1:17.32 to win. I asked him if he thought he'd make it. "Who knows?" he said, shrugging his massive shoulders. I never saw a calmer man.

Kapus' sled was towed to the starting line. He and his red-sweatered crew took their places beside it. As the crowd held its breath they rocked it forward and backward, counting, "*Eins . . . zwei . . . und drei!*" With one enormous combined jerk (from the front) and push (from the back) the four men rocketed the sled into forward motion. Pounding along beside it, they pushed with everything they had.

RUNNING START

Kapus was in first, adjusting his feet and picking up the driving ropes. Gottfried Diener, the Zurich adman, was in next into the No. 2 seat. Robert Alt, the policeman, stepped carefully into the No. 3 seat of the now fast-moving sled. Brakeman Heinrich Angst, pounding away like a locomotive under a full head of steam kept pushing the sled for nearly 50 yards, came aboard just before it headed into the first turn.

The bright red sled smashed down the long run, gaining speed. It zipped through The Snake and came banging into Sunny Corner. The electronic clock said 31 seconds.

The sled zoomed down the long approach to Horse Shoe. Kapus' able blue eyes focused high on the entrance wall. He roared into Horse Shoe and rode far up, inches from the top of the wall. Then, with his great strength, he pulled hard on his left rope and came zooming down and out of the curve. The clock said 47 seconds.

The sled whipped through curves and countercurves, past Shamrock and Devil's Dyke. Kapus held his ropes loosely, let the sled have her head. Crewmen, with heads up in the Swiss style, adjusted their weight constantly, keeping the sled steady. It flashed past the Tree checkpoint at 57 seconds. Under the bridge safely, it entered the final steep straightaway. As it reached Leap, it left the ice momentarily and then settled and whanged past the finish line.

At the finish here one can't hear the loudspeaker announcing the time. As soon as the sled was slowed down, Diener leapt out and raced back up the track, threw off his football helmet and cupped his ears, then heard the words: "One minute . . . seventeen . . . point . . . three . . . zero. . . ." (Diener said later he thought he'd die between the three and the zero.) He turned and sprinted back where Kapus and the other two waited. "We did it! We did it!" he whooped, while a big grin spread over Kapus' normally solemn face and his boys banged each other around in the snow beside the track.

Fritz Feierabend heard the loudspeaker. He threw up his hands and laughed. "Three hundredths of a sec-

DISASTER TO THE FEIERABEND SLED

WEIGHING IN BEFORE THE RACE, BEEFY FRENCH TEAM CROWDS ONTO OFFICIAL SCALE

ond!" he said. "Well, I'm glad he made it. He's such a fine driver and he's waited so long for this." Fritz Feierabend, a great driver himself, is also a very fine gentleman and sportsman.

Kapus' winning time for the four runs was 5:10.52. Feierabend clocked 5:10.55. The rest of the field strung out behind. Germany's young (25) Franz Schelle, a Bavarian country boy with enormous poise and drive, was third at 5:14.23. Austria's quiet, unassuming Karl Wagner (who, like Kapus, works in a flour mill) was fourth, a quarter of a second behind Schelle. Hans Rösch, a Munich paint manufacturer who was second at Cortina last year, finished a disappointing fifth. Young Dick Severino, driving the U.S. Air Force team, was sixth, only three hundredths of a second behind Rösch. Kurt Loserth, driving Austria's second sled, was seventh. Britain's surprising young Keith Schellenberg was eighth with a green crew. Sweden's Olle Axellsonn, who had bad luck, losing his sled to that Horse Shoe hole, was ninth, and France's Serge Giacchini, whose crew didn't make much speed but had a wonderful time, was tenth. Britain's Stuart Parkinson was eleventh.

Lloyd Johnson, the fine American driver who won at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in 1953, had bad luck too. Driving with a broken collarbone (suffered Jan. 2 at Garmisch), he lost control of his sled just before Sunny Corner in the first heat. It left the course

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LOSING SLEDS included Air Force team that finished sixth, and Swiss sled driven by six-time world champion Fritz Feierabend, who lost four-man title on the final run.

DIPLOMAT IN SHORT PANTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE SPENCER

STRIPED pants and a dispatch case are not absolute necessities for diplomatic success. U.S. Olympic Champion Mal Whitfield of Los Angeles has just proved this in a five-month, 100,000-mile international junket arranged by the State Department. Good-will Ambassador Whitfield skipped protocol, stripped down to his shorts, laced on a battered old pair of track shoes and, in bare legs, made thousands of friends for the U.S. in such places as Britain, Italy, Greece, India, Iran and Africa.

Whitfield's biggest triumphs occurred where dark skins predominate, and one of his most successful missions was a two-day tour of Northern Rhodesia during which he shook hands with British officials and natives, visited a copper mine and made a speech or two.

His good-will program was a simple one. Mal began with a 20-minute lecture on the regimen of an athlete. "Diet is extremely important; it is essential to eat lots of meat. Don't try to get energy from glucose—honey is just as good and cheaper." Then the Olympic trackman called for volunteers to "come on down here and work out with me

Olympic Track Star Mal Whitfield of the U.S. runs, demonstrates and lectures in Northern Rhodesia at the end of a five-month international tour building good will through sport

a bit." A number of onlookers immediately stripped down, and Mal led them through 40 minutes of calisthenics, "to get you boys in shape."

The volunteers sweated heroically through the exercises and then were treated to the dream of every local athlete, a chance to run against Olympic Star Whitfield. First they did a couple of warm-up quarter-mile laps around the track and then one rousing, all-out 440 in which Mal easily outran everybody. Grunted one exhausted African: "Man, they make those natives in America like Hollywood cars—fast!"

Throughout his tour Whitfield plugged good will through sports. "I guess a sports ambassador like me can make you people feel better about the United States and the American people and know us better." To discouraged and poverty-stricken Rhodesian athletes the diplomat in short pants offered some comfort: "I'm sure that once these boys get better equipment, better training, they'll rank high in the world of sports. I'd like to come back and help that happen." To Africans, no offer, whether in striped pants or not, could have been a better sign of U.S. friendship.

FOR MORE PICTURES TURN PAGE

WHITFIELD *continued from page 13*

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY Whitfield leads young admirer in exercises at Jeanes Teachers College in Northern Rhodesia.

SIGHTSEER Whitfield stops at small village to watch two girls grind grain, using primitive mortar-and-pestle method.

SMELLING SALTS are presented by the Olympic runner to native who crossed finish line last in the quarter-mile race.

STARTING TECHNIQUES are subject for a demonstration-lecture at the African secondary school near the capital city of Lusaka. The track star cautioned his audience: "Olympic potential form is mainly a matter of hard training and the right coaching."

BATTERED TRACK SHOES are awarded to Iran Mwanza as Whitfield completes his tour. Mwanza received the spikes for finishing first among the natives in a quarter-mile race at Jeanes College. Like most of his countrymen he has always run barefoot.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SOUNDTRACK

AN EDITORIAL

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States, in a decision read from the Bench by Chief Justice Earl Warren, ruled Monday by a 6–2 vote that boxing, unlike baseball, is in interstate commerce and so is subject to the federal antitrust laws. The Department of Justice now can proceed with prosecution of its complaint against the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) to the effect that the IBC and affiliates have monopolized the sport to the detriment of other promoters, boxers and such side beneficiaries as TV, broadcasting and the public.

In the complaint, first filed in March, 1952, the Justice Department asked that IBC and its fellow defendants be compelled "to restore free and open competition" to boxing.

On this point, Chief Justice Warren reviewed the government case that Norris and his companions had sewed up TV (which, with a lesser take from radio and movies, represents 25% or more of the promoter's return in present-day boxing) and had used Joe Louis, then heavyweight champion, to sew up the leading contenders for the title he resigned *sic hoc*.

While the court's two dissenters, Felix Frankfurter and Sherman Minton, held respectively that earlier baseball decisions applied to boxing and that sport in general is outside the antitrust laws, Chief Justice Warren referred to a prior court decision which made clear that the baseball example could not be used to exempt any segment of the entertainment business from antitrust regulation.

The Supreme Court decision does not mean that the boxing millennium is here. Its ruling has nothing to do directly with control of boxing by hoodlums and murderers. There is, however, an indirect effect. The ruling does permit the Justice Department to prosecute boxing's control by the hoodlums' good friend, Jim Norris. And this is close indeed to the heart of the matter, for as Norris openly tied up the best sports arenas and TV contracts, so the mobsters have taken surreptitious control of the best and most promising boxers. The Syndicate could not prosper, by Syndicate standards, under circumstances of "free and open competition." It needs monopoly.

If the Justice Department succeeds in establishing that the Norris-IBC monopoly is illegal (the Supreme Court ruled that it was entitled to resume prosecution on this basis) then other promoters will have a chance.

As to the other side of the coin—undercover control of leading boxers by mobsters—some of the states have begun to act. Their specific aim: elimination of the hoodlum element. They are, moreover, two of the states which are most important to boxing. The first is New York, where Julius Helfand, racket-busting prosecutor, has begun to function under Governor Averell Harriman's order that he clean up boxing. The second is Pennsylvania, where Governor George M. Leader and Attorney General Herbert B. Cohen last week pledged themselves to a boxing cleanup aimed directly at the racketeers who have long made Philadelphia boxing notorious. A legislative investigation has been proposed.

This is a good start and, if both states carry out their announced intentions, may be almost enough. For a state-by-state cleanup of boxing is neither likely nor necessary. Very few of the 18 states contain major boxing centers. An adequate decontamination program need only strike at the main centers of boxing, where the big fights are held and where the major portion of the racketeers' investment lies.

Now, in addition to state action, the sword of the FBI dangles over the hoodlums' heads, thanks to the Supreme Court decision. For if boxing is in interstate commerce within the meaning of the antitrust laws, then the FBI becomes the investigative body to probe boxing for the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission. In the past, state investigations of boxing have begun well and have ultimately fizzled because of state politics. But the FBI is as removed from local political pressures as a government agency can be.

Things seem to be looking up for boxing, for boxers and for those millions who enjoy the sport in the arenas and in their living rooms.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE SAID IN PART:

"The promoter's receipts [from TV and similar sales] represent on the average over 25%, of the promoter's total revenue and in some instances exceed the revenue derived from the sale of admission tickets. The complaint alleges that the defendants have restrained and monopolized this . . . through a conspiracy to exclude competition. . . . The conspiracy, it is claimed, began in 1949 with an agreement [that] Joe Louis . . . would resign his title [and] procure exclusive rights to the services of the four leading title contenders . . . that he would also obtain exclusive rights to broadcast, televise and film these contests, and that he would assign all such exclusive rights to the defendants. The defendants have allegedly sought to maintain . . . this conspiracy . . . by eliminating the 'leading competing promoter' of championship matches; by acquiring the exclusive rights to promote [in] all the 'principal arenas' . . . and by requiring each title contender to agree . . . that if he wins he would . . . take part only in title contests promoted by the defendants. As a consequence of these acts . . . the defendants have promoted . . . all but two of the 21 championship matches held . . . between June, 1949 and the filing of the complaint in March, 1952."

THE EDITORS CONSIDER BASEBALL'S BLOCKS OF GRANITE, SALUTE THE WORLD BILLIARDS CHAMPION AND A GIRL OF 15 WHO WOULD BE QUEEN

Warning to Rip

THE MEN who make the rules for baseball are a pretty conservative sort. Years pass when the rules committee feels no urge whatever to tinker with the laws of the game, and a modern Rip Van Winkle could presumably awaken and enjoy a function at the Polo Grounds without any preliminary briefing. This year, however, it might be well to take Rip aside and warn him about the intentional base on balls. At a recent Chicago meeting the rules committee, prodded by a rare urge for change, decided to cut down the size of the catcher's box.

For as long as anyone cares to remember, the catcher's box has been more a state of mind than an actual delineation. Its official boundaries were designated by simply extending the third- and first-base lines beyond the plate, but neither umpires nor players gave these borders much thought. When a cerebrating manager decided to walk a threatening batter to get at some less formidable opponent or to set up a double play, the catcher simply stepped a few safe paces to the side of home plate and gathered in four throws from his pitcher while the batsman observed the ceremony with either disgust or pride or a little of each. No one seemed to care that the catcher was almost invariably outside his prescribed territory without proper credentials.

The new catcher's box, legalized by the rules committee this year, is designed to keep its occupant in close proximity to home plate. Only 43 inches wide, it is described by two parallel lines forming a narrow alley between home plate and the backstop. If the catcher fails to have both his feet inside his box at the time a pitch is thrown, it constitutes an automatic balk.

On hearing this news, catchers, who are a breed known more for sturdiness than agility, began to set up a public howl. The thought of springing nymph-like through the air to gather in an intentional outside pitch held no appeal for such blocks of granite as Roy Campanella and Yogi Berra, although each is a solid enough soldier to insist that he will find a way.

Until the new rule is given its first workout at spring training camps in March, players and fans can only speculate on how it is likely to affect one of baseball's favorite stratagems. Will the shaky pitcher, already in trouble with men on second and third, have enough control to throw an outside pitch that the batter can't reach, but the catcher can? Won't a good bad-ball hitter, like Yogi Berra himself, waving a 36-inch weapon, be able to reach out and powder an occasional pitch that is intended only as a safe-conduct pass to first base? Or will catchers now retreat in the direction of the box seats so the pitcher can lob the ball a dozen feet over the batter's head?

The experts seemed to agree only on one point, the already overworked catcher must now assume an added burden. "I don't see this new rule serving any purpose at all beyond giving the catcher a little more work," observed Carl Hubbell, the onetime great Giant whose sympathies normally lie with the pitcher.

Wes Westrum was of a like mind. "All I can see it doing is making it tougher for the catcher. It won't stop the intentional pass, and what will be tougher for us is the handling of the pitchout."

Yogi Berra, who heard the news in Rochester while toughening up on the rubber-chicken circuit, showed a scholar's restraint. "I read all about it last night but haven't been able to figure it out yet," the indestructible Yankee confessed. "I guess we'll have to wait until the umpires explain it more fully. . . ."

One-sentence history

HANK GREENBERG, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, accepted an achievement award from the Sports Broadcasters Association last week, and in the course of his thank-you remarks offered a polished, one-sentence résumé of Cleveland's 1954 season.

"All season long the Indians belonged to the fans," he said, "but after the Series the fans were glad to give them back to me."

Little bee

AT CRANS SUR SIERRE in the snow-smothered Swiss Alps this week, blonde Carol Heiss, 15 [illegible], daughter of an Ozone Park, L.I. baker, is engaged in the final phase of a long preparation for queenship. Her eager little-girl face (with its adult dab of lipstick) betrays neither nervousness nor even the excitement of anticipation. Carol, like a queen bee on the eve of flight, is the product of a special kind of life, and in her own mind simply seems to be awaiting the inevitable —the day later this month when she will waft out on a rink at Vienna to become the woman's figure skating champion of the world.

While Carol is not alone in this estimate of her own talent, it should be added that another American girl, 19-year-old Tenley Albright of Boston

"Come to think of it— why do *we call this an athletic club?"*

(*see page 28*), who was the world's champion in 1953 and is now seeded No. 1 on the U.S. team, is also given an excellent chance of winning. But Carol is unimpressed; she has been conditioned to win. Her mother, a pleasant, Munich-born housewife, began taking her to a Long Island rink when she was hardly more than four years old. Even at that tender age she astounded adults with her natural grace and dexterity, and in the years since—under the tutelage of Pierre Brunet, one of the most highly regarded skating teachers in the world—she has lived a life as narrow, rigorous and consecrated as that of a fledgling in the old Imperial Russian Ballet.

Carol's younger sister Nancy, 13, and her brother Bruce, are figure skaters too. For years Mrs. Heiss has awakened her children at 5:30 in the morning, has gotten them dressed, fed them and driven them to Madison Square Garden. By seven they are hard at work on the New York Skating Club rink. Carol's training stint lasts four and a half hours and is followed by an afternoon of classes at New York's Professional Children's School. Two years ago, as a skinny child of 13, she was judged fourth in the world's championships—she was the youngest girl ever to place in that august competition.

Only a few weeks before last year's championships, Carol was the victim of an accident on the Garden rink in which one of her legs was slashed by her sister Nancy's skates. She was unable to compete. This was a blow, since she intended to win and thus better Sonja Henie's feat of becoming world champion at 15. Germany's Gundi Busch (now an ice-show star) took the title. "I beat Gundi in free skating two years ago," said Carol last week, "and Gundi beat Tenley Albright last year, so I think I should win this year. Only two girls in the whole world can do the double axel jump—Tenley and I. But you are supposed to land on your outside edge," she went on dreamily, "and some people have to land on the inside and then switch to the outside. . . ."

What did Carol propose to do after—and if—she won the championship? "Oh," she said, "the 1956 Olympics are definitely a must. I'll keep the championship until Nancy's old enough to win it. Then I suppose I'll go to college—a college with a rink." What if she didn't win? "I never," said Carol firmly, "think about losing."

Antiseptic

A SEQUEL has come to hand on the adventures of Sammy Lee in Asia. Sammy is the U.S. Olympic diving champion whose recent exhibitions and speechmaking tour of the Far East did so much to create a favorable impression for America in Asia (SI, Jan. 10). The sequel is not so happy, for Sammy put us in a fair way to get a bad name in the French-controlled section of Indo-China.

Lee was obliged to give an exhibition of diving in a muddy river. He was told the bottom was at 18 feet and clear of debris, but on his first dive Lee smacked a shallow bottom and cut his foot on a piece of glass. As he broke surface, he shouted to the French officer in charge of the affair that he was in trouble, that he had cut his foot.

Someone quickly produced a bottle of amber liquid and Sammy began pouring it on his bleeding foot. The officer turned white and threw his hand to the skies in horror.

"What's the matter?" asked Sammy Lee.

"Matter?" repeated the officer. "Matter? This is 60-year-old cognac. You do not give it to the feet. You dreenk."

The king of pool

THE REFEREE, a thin man now fat with importance, cleared his throat and spoke through the pall of smoke. "Spectators will kindly remove their hats," he said, "for the dignity of the room."

The scene last Saturday night was a curtained arena on the third floor of Bensinger's Recreational Amphitheatre on Randolph Street in Chicago's Loop. On three other floors of the five-story building, male refugees from the world outside were busy at table shuffleboard, bowling, billiards and cards. The third floor, like the others, was thickly carpeted with cigar and cigarette butts and although the brown and yellow walls were blackening, a certain air of elegance was maintained by hanging elephant tusks, sporting prints and one striking oil painting entitled "Neptune's Daughter" in which muscular female nudes are seen to rise artistically from the sea.

"Presenting," the referee continued, "the final block in the world championship pocket billiard match between the challenger, Joe Procita of Los Angeles, California. . . ."

The 200 spectators who occupied every seat in the twin grandstands gave Mr. Procita a hand as the stubby, paunchy, 56-year-old perennial contender stepped under the glare of the lights.

"And now," the referee intoned, "that great precision player who has dominated the game of pocket billiards for the past 14 years, the champion of the world, Mr. Willie Mosconi of Philadelphia."

Mr. Willie Mosconi, five feet seven, 41 years old, gray-haired and handsome, stepped forward to provide a vivid contrast to his opponent. Mr. Procita, in his rumpled brown suit and loud tie, looked like a professional pool player dressed up for the occasion. Mr. Mosconi, in his gray suit and dark blue tie, looked like a banker surrounded by characters out of a banker's nightmare.

The contrast was even greater as the final block of play began. Mr. Mosconi had a cold, he was tired and so impatient to get the whole affair over with that he won (nobody ever doubted that he *would* win from the start of the 10-block contest) in only two innings (meaning appearances at the table) with runs of 127 and 23. Mosconi's run of 127 was his highest of the week; he had earlier runs of 120 and 101. His grand average per inning was 16. The best Mr. Procita could do was a run of 71 while winning his only block on the Wednesday night preceding. Even so, the spectators felt they had received their money's worth, for to the billiard fan, watching the graceful Mosconi move smoothly from shot to shot is something like watching the way of a Joe DiMaggio or a Willie Mays with a fly ball. But the king of pool himself was less happy about his latest triumph.

"I'm tired and I'm losing interest," said Willie Mosconi. "It's a great game, but it's not much fun any more. There are only about 10 real pros in the business—and only five who are really first class."

Willie estimates that he travels 25,000 miles a year, mostly to give exhibitions under the auspices of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers of billiard tables. Although Willie won't say, it is estimated that he earns about $15,000 a year from his billiard cue.

"It's a hard life," said Willie, a family man. "The nervous strain is awful. You can't get rid of the tension during a game. A golfer or a ballplayer can get some release from tension by whacking a ball, but we just have to hold it in. Sometimes your stomach knots in a ball. I've gotten so tense I've bitten my tongue until the blood came. It's a terrible thing."

But the most terrible thing of all, Willie insists, is the lack of real competition in the pocket billiard game.

"I don't know," said Willie Mosconi, "maybe what I'll do is go into the three cushion game. It's no cinch to be good in pockets and three cushions too. But I think I could be in shape in a few weeks."

Willie sneezed as the cold gained ground on him. He shook his head.

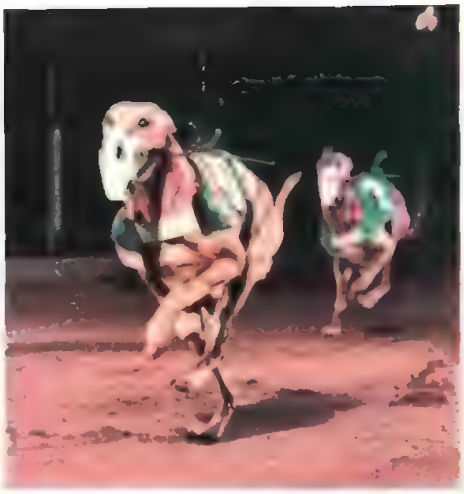
"I don't know," he said sadly. "It's a crazy life."

SPECTACLE

DOGS ON THE RUN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

NEWEST and fastest-growing greyhound track in the U.S. is the 5 16-mile oval at Phoenix, Ariz. Open only a year, Phoenix drew top dogs from all over the country and Mexico, a $10-million mutuel handle in 1954. The dogs themselves lead the lives of dogdom's royalty. They travel in special trailers, feed on choice cuts of horse meat, and are curried and combed by valets. To earn their keep the greyhounds run twice a week during racing season, can make as much as $120,000 in five years for their solicitous masters.



Muzzled greyhounds burst from their starting-box compartments during night racing at Phoenix track

continued on next page

Long-striding greyhounds bound down track in hot pursuit of mechanical rabbit which stays 20 feet ahead.

Dogs spend 4 hours before race in glass-enclosed pits where bettors can see they are not doped or fed

Churning up the dirt track, dogs head into turn. Besides being taught to chase rabbit, dogs must learn proper track etiquette — not to crowd, bite or foul the other dogs in the race

MIZ CLEMENTINE BY A NECK... ARCARO BY A NOSE... DETERMINE BY A FOUL... CREVOLIN BY $57,000

THE SANTA ANITA Maturity last week was worth $163,360, richest race of the year to date. It drew the season's biggest crowd (50,000) and the largest handle ($3,167,936). It also furnished 1955's first big disqualification.

The mile-and-a-quarter Maturity was strictly between Determine, Kentucky Derby-winning gray owned by Andy Crevolin, ridden by Ray York, and Miz Clementine, a Calumet Farm filly with Eddie Arcaro on top.

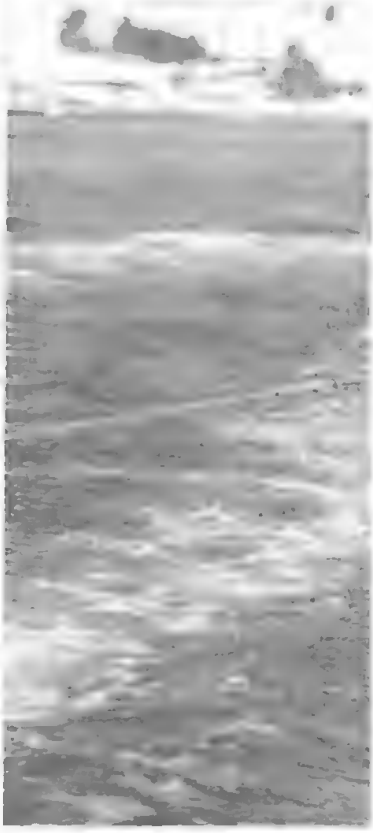
In the stretch, Miz Clementine, leading by a head, began lugging out, shouldering Determine toward the center of the track. At the eighth pole Miz Clementine proved herself no lady altogether. Because the horses were so close, Arcaro had to shift the whip from his right to left hand. One crack of the left-handed whip and Miz Clementine swerved sharply to her right, bumping Determine and carrying both horses toward mid-track. The bump seemed to discourage Determine. He trailed Miz Clementine and the famed Arcaro profile across the finish line (*above*).

Up promptly went the official "inquiry" sign, while anguished supporters of both horses clutched their mutuel tickets. After due investigation, stewards declared Miz Clementine had indeed fouled Determine and the gray was named winner, Miz Clementine second.

Owner Crevolin (*right*) took his colt's place in the winner's circle (Determine went back to the barn without waiting for the stewards' decision) and picked up first-place money of $87,000. Calumet got $30,000, Miz Clementine's bump had cost Calumet $57,000.

NEW SPORTS

TOURING THE U.S., the Shah of Iran, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, and his Queen Soraya squeezed winter and summer sports into a few days of January. At Sun Valley, Idaho, *above*, they took a sleigh ride to the ski runs. Later in



OF SHAHS...

the week, the royal couple moved to the Sans Souci Hotel in Miami Beach, where the queen *(left)* and her husband *(below)* displayed fine form aboard water skis. While in Miami Beach the shah also played shuffleboard and tennis.

...KINGS & PRINCES

NOBILITY was at play elsewhere last week. Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and Queen Alexandra skied at Gstaad, Switzerland *(above)* while Prince Birabongse of Thailand embraced his mechanic after winning New Zealand Grand Prix in his Maserati.

and plunged into the snow. Johnson and his crew were uninjured but the fall disqualified them. The 13th team, Sweden's No. 2 sled, ran only three heats, then gave up.

Why were the Swiss so much better than the rest of the field? Expert observers give three reasons. First, Kapus and Feierabend have experience. Secondly, they have their crews ride with heads up, looking, thinking, shifting all the time. This is in contrast to the German method of everyone except the driver ducking his head, shutting his eyes and hanging on for dear life. Thirdly and most important, the Swiss drive with ropes instead of a steering wheel. This is the hard way to get down the mountain, but, according to the real experts, the best way. I asked Feierabend why.

"Well, you get more of a feeling of the sled and the track. Your reactions are quicker. The sled responds better and you have better control."

PREMIUM ON POWER

"Well, then, why doesn't everyone drive with ropes?" Because, as Feierabend puts it, there are very few drivers with enough strength in the hands and back to handle a four-man bob with ropes.

The American showing this year was excellent when one considers that we had very little experience out on the run. Severino, 35, who placed sixth in both the two- and four-men events, never saw a bobsled until 1951. Johnson, 40, who probably should not have been driving with the injury to his collarbone, also has been driving for only four years.

American bobsledding got bad news in St. Moritz this week when the Federation Internationale de Bobsleigh et de Tobogganing banned Lake Placid's Stan Benham from international competition for three years. The federation felt that Benham had been something less than a good sportsman at Cortina last year when he withdrew from the four-man race and left for home. However, the AAU gave Benham a clean slate after the incident last winter and, according to Secretary Dan Ferris, intends to certify him for the 1956 Olympics if he qualifies at the trials at Lake Placid Feb. 19-20.

But there was also good news for Americans at St. Moritz. The young apprentice drivers on the Air Force squad were sensational in practice. Particularly well regarded is 21-year-old Joseph Le Bouef, who hails from Baton Rouge and never saw snow, let alone a bobsled, until last February. This week he won the European Junior Championship in two-man bobs and turned in several very good 1:18 runs with a green four-man crew. Also much discussed among the experts is another 21-year-old, William Williams. Bill Williams, who played freshman football at the University of North Carolina before entering the Air Force, was brought up to St. Moritz from the U.S. air base at Rabat in North Africa 10 days before the races started. He didn't know a bobsled from third base. The big 220-pound kid, who can run like a deer and has tremendous will to compete, rode brake for little Le Bouef (who looks like Henry Aldrich) in the European juniors and for Severino in the fours. Feierabend, after watching him for two weeks, says Williams is the most promising brakeman he's ever laid eyes on. Both Feierabend and Kapus are high on Le Bouef as a driver. Two Air Force majors, Bruce Rowlett, 31, and Jerry O'Toole, 35, did very well in practice trials with four-man sleds. But promising as the Americans are, they've got a long way to go if they expect to show well against the old pros in the Olympics next year. The Yankees are hard to beat in anyone's ball park. END

SANDING RUNNERS before climactic dash, Kapus (right) and his crew made sure they would get last fraction of speed. Close teamwork like this subsequently won race.

How many calories in a spoonful of sugar?

200 ☐ 100 ☐ 50 ☐ 18 ☐

Some guess as high as 600, but
the right answer is only
18 calories in a level teaspoonful

If you are counting calories,
this fact is even more important—

Sugar can help you cut down on
the number of calories you eat

Research findings show how raising your blood sugar level helps keep your appetite—and weight—under control

People who go on diets are usually surprised to find out that there are only 18 calories in a teaspoonful of sugar.

That's the number of calories an average adult uses up in about 7½ minutes of normal activity!

But this is just one of the reasons why most people are able to enjoy sugar and still maintain the weight they want.

Sugar raises the blood sugar level faster than does any other food. And the blood sugar level is part of the healthy body's own weight control system.

Helps regulate appetite

Research scientists, looking for the reason why some people overeat (and get fat), found a relationship between the blood sugar level and the size of the appetite.

When your blood sugar level is *low*, your appetite is bigger. You just naturally tend to eat more. Sometimes *too much*.

When it is elevated, appetite is smaller. You are more quickly satisfied on smaller portions. You find it much easier to say "no thanks" to the extra helpings that lead to extra pounds.

These studies also showed that substances which have no effect on the blood sugar level (such as non-caloric artificial sweeteners) were not effective in reducing the number of total calories actually eaten.

Any help from them is mostly in the mind instead of in the waistline.

More realistic approach to dieting

Overcoming that hollow, always hungry feeling is one of the hardest parts of dieting. That's why many of the newer diets now include sugar in foods and beverages to help keep appetites satisfied on less food.

These diets often start a meal with a sweetened fruit juice or fruit cup to help bring your appetite down to size. They allow a light snack or refreshing beverage in mid-morning and late afternoon to help keep hunger from *building up*.

They permit simple desserts because they make a small meal so much more satisfying.

So isn't it good to know that sugar helps to "count your calories" for you?

All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
Box 137, New York 5, N. Y.

FIGURING ON TENLEY

Her coach and close friend surveys the young career of Miss Tenley Albright who is out to regain the world skating title next month

by MARIBEL Y. VINSON

COLOR PHOTO BY HY PESKIN

WHEN she was 17, Tenley Albright, the pretty figure skater from Newton Centre, Mass., was sitting on top of her own particular world and with no place left to go; when she was 18, fate was unkind enough to pull the world out from under her and she sat down very hard; now at 19, she's the Old Champ trying to prove that one mistake doesn't count.

The fall, which was both literal and figurative, took place just a year ago in the Bislet Olympic Stadium in Oslo, Norway, on the final day of competition for the women's world figure skating championship. Tenley was the champion, the first from the U.S., and was strongly favored to repeat. She had piled up a comfortable lead of 21.8 points over Gundi Busch, the German girl she had beaten the year before, and had only to continue at a routine pace to keep the title, when it happened. Tenley went into a combination axel and double loop jump and promptly stunned the stadium and herself by inexplicably falling flat. Stunned by the awfulness of it all, Tenley went through the rest of her program in a deep trance. She never really recovered.

Even before the shock wore off Tenley was laying plans for recapturing her crown. "Right then," she recalls, "I had to go off by myself and do that jump again and again, to prove that I could do it without falling."

There you may have Tenley's secret. A girl of 18 who can fall flat in front of a stadium full of people, yet remain the fiercely determined competitor willing to practice all night to eliminate the fault, never will be easy to beat.

She'll have her chance this month at the Wiener Eislauf Verein in Vienna. No woman ever has lost the championship and later regained it, but Tenley's fortunes have not been hurt by Miss Busch's turning professional, the usual routine for a woman champion. Tenley's principal competition will come from Erica Batchelor of England, Barbara Gratton of Canada and young Carol Heiss of New York City. Miss Heiss is 15 and has been skating in championship competition for several years.

There is nothing at all in Tenley's background or environment to explain her pre-eminence in figure skating, except perhaps that it is cold around Boston. Her skating glory began when she was 8 and got a pair of skates for Christmas. They weren't the right kind but she made them do and the next year she got a pair of figure skates with white boots. Her father, Dr. Hollis Albright, had had the backyard flooded to make a rink and Tenley divided her time between there and the indoor rink of the Skating Club of Boston, the home club of a long line of American champions.

I first saw Tenley at the club when she was 10 and I thought then that she had talent, but like all the other young children she had no interest in practicing the basic figures. With the other little girls she would hide in the dressing room while the serious figures were being practiced, waiting for the music which would send them into a frenzy of undisciplined leaps and spins.

ICY INDIFFERENCE

One day I lectured the little things on the futility of trying to become a great skater and champion, which they all professed to want to be, without putting in the concentrated hours of practice that not only give the basic control of skating but count 60% in championship competition. I went on to explain the absorbing fascination of executing all of the 68 basic skating figures with absolute mastery. My enthusiasm didn't take, though, and I let the matter drop.

But two weeks later Tenley approached me rather shyly and said, "I'd just like to tell you, Miss Vinson, that you're absolutely right about the school figures. I began to practice them and they're just fascinating." Tenley was

continued on page 33

TENLEY PRACTICES DIFFICULT SPLIT JUMP ON ICE AT DAVOS BEFORE 1953 CONTEST

DELICATE FIGURE 8 with loops is gracefully executed by Tenley during exacting practice session in the early morning sunlight at Grossinger's rink in the Catskill Mountains.

Speedster

BY STUDEBAKER

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SPORTING LOOK

RESORT '55: ALL WHITE, SLIM

MRS. Loel Guinness spends most of her time in the sun on her husband's 130-foot yacht, the *Calisto*. In the summer they cruise the waters of the Mediterranean, and in the winter the Caribbean and the Florida coastline. As an international traveler, Mrs. Guinness is also an international fashion pacesetter, known especially for her taste in play clothes. She puts her particular stamp of approval on clothes which suit her dark, Latin beauty and her life in the sun and on the sea. This winter her favorite costume for sailing or poolside relaxing—as here in Palm Beach—is a trim, slim outfit of white sailcloth. She found it on Capri, and SI has seen the look of it from Jamaica to California this winter. Its taut slenderness differs significantly from the loose, top-heavy silhouette which has been popular in American play clothes. With a white costume, Mrs. Guinness wears white espadrilles embroidered with sea shells, from Lanvin at Cannes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONI FRISSELL

AN APT PUPIL, Tenley [illegible], poised at 11. Despite polio attack in 1946, she managed to win Eastern juvenile crown.

TENLEY ALBRIGHT *continued from page 28*

on her way. As a pupil she was serious, receptive, diligent, and displayed enormous powers of concentration. She was extremely fond of skating. A teacher could ask no more.

When she was 11, Tenley contracted a mild case of polio that may have had a great deal to do with making her a champion. It was not a serious attack and she was out of the hospital in three weeks, but the disease had weakened the abdominal muscles in the lower back. She had become ill in early September. By November she was back practicing at the skating club and surprised everyone who had been prepared to treat her as an invalid.

A MATTER OF COURAGE

"She was very determined," Willie Frick, club instructor, said. "She'd take a lot of falls, but she'd pick herself up and start all over again."

In January of 1947, four months after her polio attack, Tenley told me she wanted to go to Philadelphia to watch the Eastern figure skating championships. "Watch them, Tenley?" I told her, "If you're going down there you might as well enter." Enter she did and won her first championship—the Eastern juvenile for 12 and under.

After Philadelphia came a series of triumphs culminating in the world championship she won at Davos, Switzerland. But behind them was a grim quest for perfection and three to six hours of daily practice winter and summer. It was a routine that would have made a ballerina wince and this was a young girl applying her own discipline. Did she ever have doubts about it all?

"Just once, really—last winter. It was 4 o'clock in the morning and snowing hard. I was going down the back alley to the skating club with my heavy tape recorder and two pairs of boots and skates in my hands, when suddenly I slipped and everything went flying all around me. I just sat there and said to myself 'What am I doing here?' I was so alone and there wasn't even anyone to laugh with me."

For all her woes, Tenley didn't become a national champion until after she had appeared in the 1952 Winter Olympics in which she became the outstanding American woman skater. She finished a commendable second to Jeannette Altwegg of England, a much older girl, and when she returned home she easily won the American championship, a title she has retained every year since.

Some might wonder how all this has left the pretty girl with the straight blond hair. Right where she started out, say her friends. She has treated fame as casually as she has polio and permitted neither to change her.

At the moment Tenley is taking premedical courses at Radcliffe College and wants to become a doctor. She probably will make it, too, because throughout her confused school career, tutored to fit skating competition, she has got consistently high marks.

Because her time is so closely budgeted Tenley doesn't have the leisure for the usual teen-age eccentricities. She likes to sit on the floor and play phonograph records but she's thinking of how the records would sound for skating. On an average day when she's in serious training she skates from 7:30 to 11:30 in the morning on school figures, then goes home to study for an hour or so, then back to free skating for an hour and a half, then home to study or try on costumes her grandmother has made for her. She goes to bed at 9.

HOME'S BEST

She knows many boys in all parts of the world but her schedule doesn't permit her to concentrate on anyone in particular. She likes to dance and once in Paris danced until 4 a.m. That was the morning she was taking the plane back to the U.S. after winning the championship at Davos. But more exciting to the young girl than any Paris reception was the surprise party for her at school when she got home.

"It was a wonderful surprise party," she says. "There were flowers and ice cream, and paper and lovely little cakes." Sounds dreadfully formal.

There is one brother, Nicks, four years younger. Nicks is the Eastern junior speed skating champion and a hockey player, and he and his sister skate together whenever their hours permit. For her non-skating moments Tenley swims some, plays tennis and drives an Austin Healey sports car.

Tenley will make no predictions about the Vienna championships, but those who compete against her might remember something she said after her disastrous fall last year. "If I have to, I'll fight for the title next year."

She will. (END)

HOME AND A HEROINE, the new world champion is greeted triumphantly by father Dr. Hollis Albright and mother Elin during 1953 celebration in Newton Centre, Mass.

PAUTZKE AND

by JOE MILLER and PAUL O'NEIL

BIOLOGIST CLARENCE PAUTZKE lives to hook big steelhead as well as hatch them; he caught this 20-pound prize on Washington's Green River.

HIS SUPERTROUT

Out in the State of Washington a determined biologist named Clarence Pautzke has made history by breeding 20-pound, seagoing steelhead trout—and in greater runs than even the Indians knew

SEATTLE

THE dugout canoe and the smoky bark pavilions of the benighted Siwash are long gone from the shore of Puget Sound. So is Chinook jargon, the forgotten trade language of the Northwest coast, with which the white settler dealt for a land of rain-dimpled tidewater, matchless rivers and dark fir jungles. The fir has been pushed back by farms, by smoking cities, by nets of concrete highway. The streams have been fished and refished for a century. But last week the steelhead —the great, winter-running sea trout of the north Pacific—were swarming into western Washington rivers in schools such as were never seen, even in the day of the Indian.

It seemed like a miracle to Washington's dedicated and multiplying clan of winter-stream fishermen. The greatest steelhead run of all time was materializing, not only despite the encroachments of civilization but despite the fact that fishing pressure in the Northwest, as elsewhere in the U.S., has doubled and redoubled since World War II. The fish were bigger as well as more plentiful; 15 years ago, when only a relative handful of men braved December, January and February weather, for them an average fish weighed from six to 10 pounds. This year most steelhead 10,000 of them were caught on opening day alone have been running from 15 to 28 pounds.

This fabulous renaissance on the Green, the Skagit, the Stillaguamish, the Puyallup and dozens of other coastal rivers is due almost entirely to a profane and overwhelmingly enthusiastic ex-football player named Clarence Pautzke, who has devoted himself to steelhead with single-minded passion for almost 20 years as chief biologist for the Washington State Game Commission. The stocking program by which he has made it possible may very well prove to be the most spectacular development in the centuries-old history of artificial propagation; its success implies that even more fantastic fishing is quite possible, that Northwest streams can be filled, perhaps every month of the year, with almost limitless numbers of enormous, seagoing trout.

If so, some of the credit will belong to the steelhead itself, for only a man under the curious spell which the big fish casts on anglers would have persisted year after year in the face of the discouragements and difficulties which Pautzke has faced. The steelhead is a rainbow trout, with all the rainbow's dash, fire and propensity for aerial acrobatics, but it is a rainbow with a difference. When it is two years old or about 7½ inches long it heads downstream steelhead run in streams all the way from Alaska to California's Sacramento River and out into the Pacific. After it returns, usually in a little less than two years, to spawn, it has turned bright silver and has grown to enormous size.

Few fish are harder to hook and harder to hold than the inspired steelhead and it must often be pursued in freezing weather when the streams are low, when mountains stand icily against the sky, when the hands ache and grow numb with cold and the line comes to the reel stiff and white with rime. But even the fishless steelheader seems to glory in his martyrdom, and the man who has felt the awesome surge of a steelhead's downstream rush, has endured the aching sight of a steelhead's flashing leaps and has landed it, is changed for life.

Pautzke's moment of revelation came exactly 21 years ago on the Skykomish River—he hooked and landed a seven-pound female steelhead, a fish whose every combative eccentricity he still remembers with excited clarity. He went on fishing all that winter, but never saw another steelhead and by spring was full of an indignant feeling that the world deserved more of so wonderful a commodity. He set out to do something about it—and in doing so found a goal toward which he has been groping during most of his life.

As a boy in the town of Auburn, Wash., he had been fascinated by a near-by trout hatchery and when he went to the University of Washington he enrolled, without really knowing

cont. next on page

"I'll tell the lobsterd accident, put them in room 305."

WASHINGTON'S STEELHEAD EMPIRE

ON THESE STREAMS which pour down to tidewater in Washington's Puget Sound area, as well as on some others running to the Columbia River, experiments in steelhead propagation have led to the greatest fishing season and the biggest fish on record.

STEELHEADS *continued from page 35*

why, in the School of Fisheries. He was a tough and burly youth who played end on the football team, toiled as a boilermaker's helper during the summer and earned tuition money by working weekends as a bouncer in a Seattle dance hall.

He often came to science classes black and blue from midnight combat and the rigors of biology almost killed him—and his teachers. Once, after surveying him carefully, the head of the school suggested in a tired voice that he switch to the field of physical education, like the rest of the University's muscle men. Pautzke refused. "I still can't pronounce ichthyology," he confesses, "but I wanted that degree."

Even when he got it, however, the world seemed more interested in his back than in his mind. The state gave him a $70-a-month job as a game warden and set him to work in midsummer heat hauling sacks of feed to camps in the steep Cascade Range wilderness. "My God," he cried in protest, "if they're going to pay me and work me like a mule I'm going to go around like one." He took off his clothes and resumed his toil in hairy nakedness. And as a law enforcement officer he was capable of being carried away by his own enthusiasms—once, after catching a man illegally shooting bufflehead ducks, he grew so excited at the hunting prospects that he grabbed his victim by the arm and said: "Come on let's shoot ourselves a passel of those little bastards." When the game commission finally gave him a job as a biologist he did not abandon his unorthodox ways.

He grandly ignored the fact that he had not been hired as a policy maker. He rebelled against the idea of stocking streams with small trout when—or so he raptly believed—it was possible to cheaply stock thousands of big ones. He believed that in stocking steelhead it might be possible to ignore one awful limiting factor which has hampered fish culturists since the beginning—that there is just so much feed in any given stream or lake and that they will support just so many fish.

STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

The steelhead, Pautzke reasoned, gets its growth at sea where feed is limitless. It is so fat and strong once it returns to its home stream it can go for months on a starvation diet, and like the Atlantic salmon it returns to the sea after spawning to eat and grow again. A steelhead spawned naturally in the gravel beds of a river is subject, it is true, to all the trials and difficulties of other trout, for it must struggle for existence in the stream for two years before it grows large enough to migrate. But what if steelhead eggs were artificially hatched and the tiny fish were raised and fed in rearing ponds until they were big enough for the downstream journey? Wouldn't they go to sea immediately? And, if so, why couldn't they be stocked, literally by the millions, and still be expected to return huge and full of fight after their *ocean sojourn?*

The answer, time has proved, is a stirring one: an astounding 15%, come back, no matter how many are planted. But the answer was a long time in coming. When Pautzke began his crusade, the life cycle of the steelhead was a mystery. With another biologist named Robert Meigs (who has worked with him throughout the steelhead program) he spent years simply learning the basic facts of the big trout's existence. In 1939, however, he planted a crop of tagged 7½-inch fish in the Green River its catch has risen from 1,800 to 12,000 fish since) and, in 1940, got big fish back.

But Pautzke still had a long way to go. For one thing, World War II intervened and he went into the Navy as a chief petty officer. For another, Pautzke decided he had to change the habits and philosophy of all the trout fishermen in the state. "A lot of people had sentimental ideas about fishing a babbling stream and catching little 6- to 9-inch rainbow or brook trout. We were developing a put-and-take fishery. I wanted to concentrate on steelhead and let nature pay for rearing big fish instead." He also wanted—despite vehement opposition—to keep fishermen off streams until June because his little steelhead went downstream in April and May and were being hooked by the thousands on the way.

To lure the stream fishermen away from his babies he saw to it that 10- to 15-inch trout were stocked in scores of lakes. He made endless speeches. He was heckled. One night he saw red. He took off his coat. "All right, you guys!" he bellowed. "I may not be any damn good as a speaker but I can fight. If you don't listen, every damned one of you is going to find it out. Now either shut up or take off your coats and line up." Silence fell. He spoke. He was cheered.

Meanwhile, in an old rainbow trout hatchery on Chambers Creek near Tacoma, Pautzke and Co. were not only raising tens of thousands of baby steelhead but developing bigger and bigger

strains of fish. In 1950 he planted seven rivers. In 1953 he planted 760,000 7½-inch fingerlings in 35 rivers. Last year he dumped a million small steelheads into the same streams. The results were electrifying.

The winter steelheader hunts his fish in deep runs of water which move at the speed of a walking man—three or four miles an hour. He must do so at long range—by casting a hook imbedded in a clot of salmon eggs or a round red wood and metal lure known as a cherry bobber across the stream and letting it drift gently on the bottom in a long arc. It is a frustrating process, for the steelhead usually stops the bait gently rather than striking it. Endless rocks and snags stop it too and the sensations are similar; when the fish were few, men sometimes invested years of patient misery in learning to hook and land one. But in the last two years old-time fishermen have sometimes gained the impression that the fish were hungrily stalking *them.*

THE BONANZA

In 1947–48 a total of 18,964 fishermen caught 22,757 steelhead. Last year, fired by the news of Pautzke's silvery bonanza, 89,350 fishermen thronged the streams. They were rewarded by 162,550 big trout. This year more than 100,000 people have caught the craze; by the end of this month they will probably have caught 200,000 fish. Last week in western Washington the steelhead was a hotter topic of conversation than Marilyn Monroe, the University of Washington basketball team or the murder of Serge Rubinstein. The state legislature talked excitedly of naming a "state fish"—the steelhead. The State of Oregon and the Province of British Columbia were preparing to follow in Pautzke's footsteps.

But if Pautzke has his way all this will be remembered as simply the beginning. He has stocked only 40 of the 144 coastal streams which he believes fit for steelhead and has used only a fraction of the millions of fish he would love to rear and release. He has not yet begun trying to build up summer runs of steelhead (which will take a fly) or to test his theory that they can be brought to the rivers all year round. "I hope they catch every fish that comes in this year," he cried last week. "There'll be more next year. We could plant 20 million of them. I'd like to put a million in the Cedar River alone —people would go nuts. I'm just a big, dumb, bullheaded bohunk Polack but, by God, how I love to get those big fish in the rivers." END

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2-7

PREVIEW: MILLROSE GAMES

by BOGART ROGERS

Track's greatest winter attraction will introduce the indoor season in Madison Square Garden this Saturday night. Director Fred Schmertz has assembled 400 athletes—and Wes Santee—for the 28-event card

COOL APPRAISAL of Madison Square Garden is made by Promoter Fred Schmertz two weeks before this year's Games. The ice he is standing on will be replaced this weekend by an oval track and jumping pits.

A PERSON coming into Madison Square Garden for his first look at the Millrose Games might easily conclude he had stumbled on an athletic riot.

The scene at opening night of the Garden's winter track season hasn't changed much in the 41 years the Millrose has been on its program. The floor, a cramped-up area not much larger than the deck space of a World War II LST, which it resembles when fully populated, annually is a confusion of athletes, officials and equipment.

Along the side in a specially constructed stand, a band tunes up. Occasionally shrill whistles cut the smoke-clogged air. In the center hurdlers and high jumpers kick their legs high to stretch their muscles and pole vaulters skim down runways for trial runs through the deep piles of wood shavings that later on will serve to cushion their falls. Circling the entire scene is a slim, board track that gives every appearance of having been stuffed into the arena like a coffee ring in an undersized cake box. Skinny-legged school boys, a small army of swift-looking college boys and a handful of confident world champions have been jogging around the track off and on for over an hour warming up for races that might not come off until late in the evening.

In the midst of all this are the officials, the ubiquitous gentlemen who bustle about in dinner jackets, aimlessly, if genially, getting into the way of the performers and generally adding to the total effect of bedlam. The impression is misleading though. Almost unnoticed, the floor suddenly becomes clear, the first boys are up and the Millrose Games are on.

Now in its 48th year, the Millrose is one of the biggest indoor track meets in the country and easily one of the most popular. Consistently high standards of performance and two outstanding races —the Wanamaker Mile and the Mel Sheppard 600—have brought to it a success that is all the more remarkable because it was achieved in a field that is notably fickle where anything but the best is concerned. This year, as in many years in the past, the Games will be a sellout. A crowd of 15,000 will watch approximately 400 athletes compete in 28 events.

The person most responsible for the smoothness of this complex operation is a gentleman by the name of Fred Schmertz, who, admittedly, is the most unlikely prospect to run a track meet that he ever came across. In the last hectic minutes before the lead-off race —most often a mile relay involving New York City high school kids— Schmertz can be seen wandering wearily through the tumult, talking quietly with fellow committee members whom he credits with being the real reason for the Games' success, and looking neither like an impresario nor an athlete.

THE WRONG MAN

Schmertz was never an athlete and there are no athletes in his family. He is a decorous 66-year-old lawyer, eagle beaked, blue eyed and balding and 160 pounds. He lives in the Bronx. He is married. A son, Howard, is a lawyer; a daughter, Justine, is a Phi Beta Kappa. For years he has been attorney for New York's John Wanamaker stores. All fairly normal, except for one thing: few men know more about human foot racing and its allied exertions than Schmertz does, and none can approach his perennial enthusiasm or his competence as a promoter of the sport.

This is said in all due deference to

text continued on page 43

In a series of brilliant sketches on the following four pages Artist John Groth records his impressions of the varied action and intense movement that characterizes the Millrose Games

POLE VAULTER sails over the bar as photographers record the leap. The pole vault event, which is held in the Garden's infield, begins early in the evening and continues for several hours while sprints and distance races occupy the track around the infield. As the bar approaches the 14-foot level the audience begins to take a lively interest, and after 14 feet the pole vault commands the interest of all present.

PRE-MEET SCENE in Madison Square Garden is awash with color as athletes representing dozens of colleges and clubs work out in their colored sweat suits. Relay teams plod endlessly around the track getting the kinks out of their legs while sprinters practice starts. Other performers limber up at their own specialty hurdles, broadjumping, pole vaulting or else do gymnastics.

Mingling with the many-hued collection of athletic forms are dozens of Millrose officials dressed in the standard uniform — dinner jackets, black ties — while photographers swarm over the floor getting pictures of the leading performers. To Groth the scene presented was a "pageant of color and flesh accompanied by the thud of dozens of spiked shoes and popping flash bulbs."

YOUNGSTERS in the dimly lit basement locker room are from Police Athletic League relay teams. The PAL entries are a regular if minor event on the Millrose card and the pint-size event is run early in the evening to enable the kids to get home to bed.

RUN-OUT is taken by sprinters and hurdlers who disappear under stands immediately after breaking tape and come out of arena into lobby before they can stop. Garden police hold rope which helps runners brake and keeps them from going into street.

MILLROSE *continued from page 38*

Schmertz's confreres who will manage the four other New York meets to follow. Schmertz and the Millrose have been carrying on a public love affair for the past 32 years and in the opinion of many, the two are the best. Recently he was ordered by his doctor to slow down. He did—for about a week. Lately his son has been helping him.

Schmertz drifted into the job by accident. In 1908 he and other John Wanamaker employes formed the Wahna Athletic Association for pleasure and exercise. Eventually it became the Millrose AA, taking its name from Rodman Wanamaker's summer home, and games were held just about any place the space could be found. In 1914 the games timidly ventured into the old Madison Square Garden, a mile or so southeast of the present location, and became an immediate success. With older men dropping out and his own interest growing with the years, Schmertz became a committee member in 1923 and finally director in 1933.

In December a mild flurry shot through the ranks of Millrose followers when Wanamaker's closed its principal New York store. Fred W. Wilkens, for several years president of the Millrose AA and, like Schmertz, an original founder, doesn't expect the move will make a difference. The Millrose AA today is still linked with Wanamaker's. It is partly a welfare organization whose surplus funds help support humanitarian and athletic activities.

LONG MEMORY

Schmertz long ago learned to take his exercise vicariously, is an ardent admirer of physical prowess in others. He can remnisce for hours about the great Millrose performances, although he has seen so many fine feats and had for friends so many great competitors, he is loath to single out any one.

"To me, they're always exciting," he claims. "Wonderful." But in the next quick moment he is talking about the evening in 1929 when Ray Conger trounced the virtually unbeatable Paavo Nurmi in the Wanamaker Mile. "I thought they were going to tear the Garden down that night," he recalls. The ordinarily imperturbable Nurmi was running his usual race against a clock he carried in his hand when he was stunned along with the spectators to see the amazing Conger catch him and pass him on the last turn.

Two other great performances were Cornelius Warmerdam's 15-foot pole vault in 1942, the first time the feat had ever been accomplished indoors, and the Rev. Gil Dodds' world indoor mile record of 4:05.3 set in 1948. Dodds ran the entire race with the crowd standing and screaming encouragement, much as Wes Santee did Saturday night when he broke Dodds' record in Boston. Almost any race between Glenn Cunningham and Gene Venzke in the '30s had to be exciting, Schmertz thinks, and he feels there was never anything quite like the thundering speed of the great Charlie Paddock in the sprints.

The best-timed race in Millrose history, though, was run by the stork-legged Joe Loomis, who was pressing to catch a train. Loomis finished abreast of Howard Drew in the 60-yard dash and raced right on through the lobby into a waiting taxi Schmertz had thoughtfully provided and, still in running togs, down a Grand Central platform onto a moving Pullman. Next day he read in the papers that he had lost by the thickness of a timetable.

COMPLETE CONFUSION

There have been the usual mix-ups which Schmertz deplores in a half-hearted fashion. He thinks they also stimulate interest, a point of view which may or may not sit well with the athletes. In the case of Don Gehrmann and Fred Wilt it very likely doesn't. The two finished in a near dead heat in one of their marvelous mile duels and officials couldn't decide who had won the race. They awarded the race temporarily to Gehrmann, then to Wilt and then almost a year later presented it to Gehrmann for keeps. Nobody yet is sure who won the race or if it wasn't in fact a dead heat.

Almost as bad was the night the Rev. Bob Richards, who just recently pole-vaulted over 15 feet for the 60th time, first cleared that height indoors at the Millrose Games. The crowd's roaring acclaim for Richards was turned into thunderous abuse of the officials when it was discovered that somebody had mismeasured and the bar stood at 14 feet 11½ inches.

Schmertz sometimes falls victim to the conceit that all the world's great athletes eventually appear in the Millrose. Pride is pardonable, and if Schmertz overlooks a few of the great runners of the last few years, among them Roger Bannister, John Landy and Emil Zatopek, who haven't appeared, his boylike adulation for others who have helps to offset the crime: "Sheppard, Meredith and Kiviat," he breathes. "Rice, Lash, Borican and Joie Ray; Scholz, Murchison, Whitfield, Dillard and Jesse Owens. Ashenfelter, Towns, Remigino, Earl Thomson. . . ." He melts with his own words.

But Schmertz's luck with foreign stars has been only so-so. Some were winners—Josy Barthel last year, Heinz Ulzheimer the year before, Charlie Hoff and others. Some fared badly. "No board savvy—or just outclassed," is his judgment. But he likes them. They add glamour to his programs.

One trouble the foreign stars always have at the Garden is cigaret smoke which affects their lungs adversely. But no doubt worse are the spare dimensions of the banked Garden track itself. Built of spruce planks, it is but 12-feet wide, 160 yards around and 11 laps to the mile. To win on it takes experience in the niceties of the bump, elbow and spurt, and a genius for weaving through traffic. Many a greenhorn, betrayed by its treacherous turns, has sailed right off into space.

From February to November Schmertz ranges far afield—as his legal practice permits—in search of likely talent, for the Millrose is invitational and he can choose as he pleases. A shrewd showman and expert judge of runners, he has dug up many an embryonic champion like Blaine and Wayne Rideout and Elmer and Delmer Brown, a double-twins track team from North Texas State Teachers College. Schmertz brought them to the Millrose for a 1⅞ mile medley relay which seemed to encompass their abilities. The experts jeered "Twins! A cheap publicity stunt!" The twins won their race and, in doing it, established a new world's record.

Throughout the year Schmertz conducts voluminous correspondence with hundreds of athletes and club and college coaches, many of them old Millrose grads. They keep him advised on who is doing what, so by December he can issue his invitations.

Meanwhile he handles countless vital details which plague all meet directors, be they Schmertz or Dan Ferris, Asa Bushnell, John J. Downing or Edward Swinburne, directors of the meets which follow the Millrose. Printing—tickets, programs, entry blanks. Selection of a hundred officials—a ticklish job, for officials' feelings are delicate. A time schedule and detailed instructions to competitors. Badges, prizes and trophies.

Once long ago he forgot to provide safety pins for fastening on the runners' numbers. Only heroic measures averted a crisis.

Two weeks before the big night, Schmertz really starts to worry. Who

continued on next page

SANTEE SETS NEW MILE RECORD

Seven years ago in the Wanamaker Mile at the Millrose Games, chunky little Gil Dodds set the same punishing pace he always did (like a clock wound too tightly: fast at first, then slower and slower and slower), but this time hung on through the last quarter mile, to the intense satisfaction of the big crowd, and set a new world record of 4:05.3 for the indoor mile.

Last Saturday night, Dodds' hard-earned record was finally broken. Wes Santee, the fastest miler America has ever produced, won the Hunter Mile at the Boston AA Games. He ran a fast, steady race, like a clock wound up right. His successive quarters were 57.6, 62.7, 61.8, 61.7. His time for the mile: 4:03.8, fastest ever indoors. Gunnar Nielsen, who had beaten Santee the week before, was a poor second.

It was sweet victory for Santee, with the classic Wanamaker Mile on tap, and himself clearly the favorite.

MILLROSE *continued from page 43*

is coming? Who isn't? Will he have to change his program, rearrange his races? His greatest fear is bad weather —trains stalled, planes grounded and his top competitors stranded. It has happened sporadically. "A blizzard could ruin us," says Fred.

Mostly he worries about condition. Good races depend on proven class plus top condition. "What good," he asks, "is last year's champ if he's not in condition?" Schmertz admits these might be clichés but he likes to keep them handy anyway when planning a meet, and has passed up many a popular favorite who was not in shape by the time of the Millrose.

Schmertz knows that the success of any season in New York is dependent to a certain extent upon how well the Millrose Games go and he takes it as something of an obligation to get things started right—which generally means broken records.

One secret of Schmertz's consistent good showing is his skill as a matchmaker. He juggles 50 big and little college relay teams into what he calls a "crescendo schedule" designed to make each of a dozen relay races progressively faster than the one before, with the final race of the evening the fastest of all. Usually it is.

To make sure the crescendo comes off, Schmertz gives meticulous study to performances of all the times in the out-of-town meets preliminary to the Millrose. The horse-race boys would call him a clever "racing secretary."

CHECKS AND NIGHTMARES

The last week is a nightmare. Check the Garden. Is the track ready. Check all paraphernalia—hurdles, standards, spare crossbars, phototimer, red string for finish tape. Check ticket sale. Find seats for important people who suddenly want them—boxes preferably. Good Millrose seats are always at a premium. Recently a gentleman came to Schmertz's office and explained he had been a regular guest in a box owned by a certain gentleman for years.

"As you know," he delicately suggested, "John died recently and I wonder if I might take over his box."

"Indeed you might," said Fred, a pineapple of politeness, "providing he left it to you in his will."

From the minute the Millrose starts, Fred's responsibility ceases—and it's up to the athletes and the men in the dinner jackets. An old, old pro, he suffers no first-night jitters. He leaves the floor and heads for his seat in a box. Tired as he is, he sits back and begins to enjoy the meet while the others work—or at least that is what he tells himself each year.

Actually, he is watching the runners and jumpers and hurdlers, particularly in the less important events—with the practiced eye that he and other Millrose people hope will continue to be as productive of new stars in the future as it has been in the past.

"You never know where they'll come from, but if you look hard enough you might see them on their way," he says. "In the first Millrose race Dodds ran in, he didn't even finish. Nine years later he set his record."

After Santee's amazing mile in Boston last week, Schmertz, for all his years of seasoning, is walking around in a cloud of subdued anticipation. The four-minute indoor mile is definitely within reach and there is no more fitting place for it to be achieved, in Schmertz's opinion, than in the Wanamaker. Santee agrees. He told a reporter in Washington recently, "I suppose it's just words put in my mouth, but I want to win the Millrose. That's the one everybody wants to win."

Such words can make any promoter happy—Schmertz most of all. (END)

THIS YEAR'S MILLROSE GAMES

The 48th annual Millrose Games will be held in Madison Square Garden this Saturday night. Herewith a rundown of the events and competitors to watch.

THE CUP RACES

The Wanamaker Mile. The big race of the indoor season, the single most important event. Eleven laps, each lap: 160 yards. Santee is the man to watch, of course, but if the pace falters, Nielsen's great sprint could carry him in. Millrose record: 4:05.3, Gil Dodds, 1948. Indoor record: 4:03.8, Santee, last Saturday.

The Mel Sheppard 600. Withdrawal of Charley Jenkins after flu attack and weak showing of Mal Whitfield in Boston indicate a routine race. Meet record: 1:10.2, Hugh Short, 1943. Indoor record: 1:09.5, Whitfield, 1953.

The Millrose Two Mile. Second year of competition for new John Wanamaker trophy. Ashenfelter, Wilt, McKenzie all sub-9 minute two-milers, all have won this winter. Ash and Mac are drivers, Wilt has kick. Ashenfelter should win. Millrose record: 8:52.8, Greg Rice, 1942. Indoor record: 8:50.5, Ashenfelter, 1954.

The John G. Anderson 1-M. Relay. Series of intercollegiate races. Fastest winning time wins cup. Last (and fastest) relay of evening is often most exciting event of Games. Villanova (ailing Jenkins will run anchor) and Morgan State are best bets. Meet record: 3:18.4, Manhattan, 1952. Indoor: 3:14.4, Grand Street Boys, 1953.

THE OTHER EVENTS

880-yd. run. Superb field makes this a better race than more-famous 600. Watch Irish Ron Delaney against Maynard, Courtney, Boysen, DeMuynck.

60-yd. dash. Richard, Stanfield, Bragg head exceptional field of sprinters.

60-yd. hurdles. Harrison Dillard against world. Going for 9th straight meet win.

Pole vault. Plenty of 14-footers, but 15-footer Richards will win 9th title.

High jump. Herman Wyatt will outleap others, may outleap indoor record: 6:10¾.

Two-mile relay. Syracuse has an excellent team, may threaten Millrose mark: 7:39.8.

Plus PAL and high school relays (in which veteran fans love to spot comers), AAU 1-m. and 2 m. relays for club runners, and a crowded 1,000-yd. handicap.

The Outstanding Performer

Postmeet vote of track writers selects outstanding individual of Games. Good bets to win trophy: Delaney, Santee.

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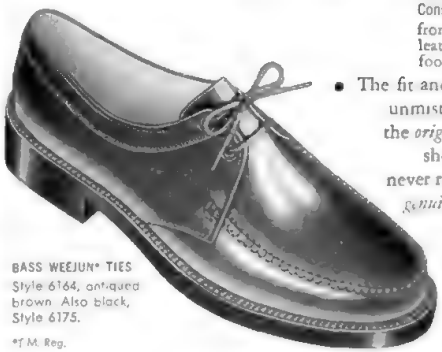

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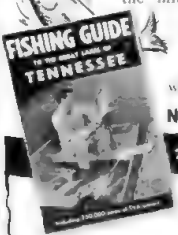

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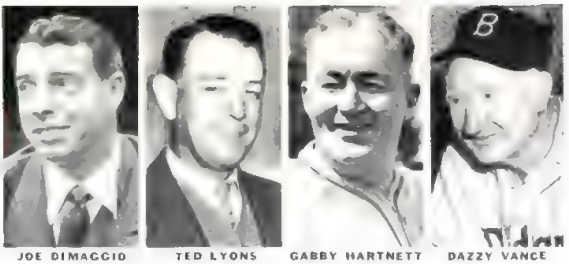
COLUMN OF THE WEEK

The Washington Post
Times Herald

Shirley Povich, president of the Baseball Writers Association, warns that it's time for a pause in Hall of Fame balloting



JOE DIMAGGIO TED LYONS GABBY HARTNETT DAZZY VANCE

TIME NOW, perhaps, to call a halt to the Baseball Hall of Fame balloting lest the mechanics of the voting elevate to the Cooperstown shrine a grist of ball players who don't properly belong. The dangers of the annual ballot are now becoming apparent.

Succeeding elections have been skimming the cream off the top of the player lists, which are now so thinned out that players who couldn't command a half dozen votes a few years back have vaulted among the leaders in the balloting. It could lead to a gradual cheapening of the honor of being in the Hall of Fame.

It is significant that players who weren't deemed worthy of Cooperstown and were steadily rejected in the voting a few years ago are now being dragooned into the Hall of Fame. Their stature hasn't increased, obviously, but the standards are being lowered by the demand that somebody must be voted for each year.

The situation calls for a pause of a few years in the voting to permit fame to catch up with some of the players, or vice versa. There are some names near the top of the list like Hank Greenberg and Joe Cronin who deserve enshrinement, but most of the other current leaders are pale company for such as the Cobb-Speaker-Johnson-Ruth-Mathewson immortality.

It is apparent, too, that the game, currently, isn't producing the giant-type performer of the past. I would be reluctant to name more than three players now in the game who honestly deserve enshrinement at Cooperstown at the level on which the Hall of Fame was originally established.

Stan Musial will certainly qualify for Cooperstown at the end of his playing career and so will Ted Williams and Bob Feller. They are the only stick-outs in the majors. Consistent stardom ought to be a prime requisite for Cooperstown. Even such a fine pitcher as Bob Lemon doesn't have a big enough spread. To suggest such as Willie Mays for Cooperstown after one good season, sensational as it was, would be to profane the entire Hall of Fame array. Willie could make it by putting together some more like that.

This is not to quarrel with the induction of the latest four into the H. of F. DiMaggio certainly deserved the honor, and so did Ted Lyons and Gabby Hartnett. Dazzy Vance, in my opinion, didn't quite rate with that trio, but that is mere opinion. Beginning next year, however, promotion to the Hall of Fame could become almost automatic, because candidates will be moving up almost by default.

It was on September 28, 1938 that Hartnett took his biggest stride toward the Hall of Fame. That was the day the Cubs were trying to win the pennant from the Pirates, who had led the National League since July 12 and already had their World Series tickets printed. In a little more than a month, the Cubs had gained nine games on Pittsburgh.

The Pirates still held a half-game lead that fateful day in Chicago. The score was tied in the ninth 5-5, two were out, Hartnett was up for the Cubs and Mace Brown had a count of two strikes, no balls against him. The next pitch: Home run into the left field bleachers and the Cubs wound up as pennant winners.

Clark Griffith once upon a time was talking about catchers. That old National League-hater, who wouldn't concede that the NL was even a major league, finally made a startling admission. "Best catcher in baseball," he whispered as if afraid of being overheard, "is that feller Hartnett, even if he is in the other league." END

FOOTBALL

NOW AND THEN

In the draft, the names got the nod

by HERMAN HICKMAN

GEORGE SHAW

THE NAME was definitely the thing in selecting the 1955 freshman class in the National Professional Football League—and checking over the draft choices was like reading a carbon copy of SI's September preview of outstanding college football players. They really went down the line with us. In a complicated method of bonus picks and first round choices the Baltimore Colts emerged with two names that could make them a threat in the Western Division. They chose George Shaw, the Oregon quarterback who led the nation's major colleges in total ground gained, over Notre Dame's Ralph Guglielmi, because, as Weeb Eubank, the Colts' coach, put it: "We know that he is a great passer—he proved it with a losing team. We weren't too sure about the passing of Guglielmi because Notre Dame isn't essentially a passing team." Coupled with Alan Ameche, the "poor man's Doc Blanchard" at fullback, their offensive effort should certainly be improved.

The Chicago Cardinals received a shot in the arm with the selection of Max Boydston, the Oklahoma end, who many think was the outstanding player in college football last fall; and, in addition, Lindon Crow, the great Southern California halfback. Among other first ballot picks are Halfback Dickie Moegle of Rice to San Francisco; Kurt Burris, the fine Oklahoma center, to Cleveland; Notre Dame Tackle Frank Varrichione to Pittsburgh, and another Notre Damer, Joe Heap, who is fast enough to go outside and strong enough to go inside, to the Giants. Notre Dame players, as usual, were at a premium. In the first five rounds seven of them were picked.

If clubs like Washington, Baltimore and the Cardinals are successful in acquiring the services of their draftees, the competition in the NFL will be keener than ever before. But remember: the draft selection only gives the club the sole right to negotiate with the player selected. There are many intangibles involved, such as their military status, their real interest in playing professional football, and the competition from major league baseball.

Today's professional football is certainly a far cry from the pro version of even 20 years ago when I was playing. Each club today has paid scouts all over the country checking outstanding players. They study closely the case history of hundreds of players, especially as to temperament and injuries. In the old days it was more or less of a one-man operation for each team—a matter of personal contacts.

WORK FOR PEONS

The crowds were small and the salaries smaller. It was said that Bill Hewitt, the greatest end I ever saw, was making only $90 a game with the Bears. Cal Hubbard, the giant Green Bay tackle (now supervisor of the American League umpires) and myself at Brooklyn—yes, they were in the league—were the highest-paid linemen in football at $200 a game. It added up to about $2,500 a season with a few exhibition games thrown in.

In the early '30s our Brooklyn team was owned by Dan Topping, now co-owner of the New York Yankees baseball team; the late, great one-time Army Halfback Red Cagle; and Shipwreck Kelly. All three were in their 20s. Red and Shipwreck were also our halfbacks. John J. McEwan was the coach and I was the captain. There has never been a combination like this. Coach McEwan had an ironclad theory that there was no such thing as a legitimate end run, and it soon got around the league that we didn't even have one from our tight double wing back formation. One day "Stumpy" Thomason, a speedy halfback who had played at Georgia Tech, asked McEwan in utter frustration: "Coach, how do I run this play, anyway?" McEwan, the former West Point head coach and English instructor, answered in a typical MacArthurian stanza:

"Son, dispatch yourself with the utmost precision and proceed as far as your individual excellency will permit."

Professional football has come a long way since those days. The semipros became pros, but I wonder if they have as much fun now as we had then. END

HOCKEY

FIGHTS ON ICE

They are an unavoidable part of the game

by SCOTT YOUNG

MAURICE RICHARD

IT MAY be that this will cause me to be held in contempt by the more pious critics of the National Hockey League, but I think that one of the funny things about any hockey season is the annual outcry against fighting during games. This one hasn't yet progressed to the point where a professor will get headlines by calling professional hockey a blood sport of about the same respectability as feeding Christians to lions, but that will come. It always does. So this is by way of being a rebuttal filed in advance.

Anyone who is surprised at fights breaking out in hockey should likewise be surprised each time the sun rises in the East. There is just something about being jammed into the sideboards at high speed, or catching a stick in the face or an elbow in the teeth, even if it's accidental (it sometimes is), which tends to rouse a man's fighting spirit. It is true that the rule book provides penalties for such eventualities. It is also true that because of the game's speed the referee can't see everything, and doesn't always call all he sees. Which brings us to a third truth—that quite often in hockey there seems no really acceptable alternative to giving a man a good punch on the nose.

One of the better examples of such a situation, among the fights I've seen recently, took place during a game between Montreal and Toronto. Early in this game Bert Olmstead of Montreal, a tall and rather righteous-looking young man, several times came within a whisker of chopping off someone's nose with the blade of his stick, which he often carries high. Indeed, in more than one case this *would* have happened, except that the nose in question previously had been bashed flat by one of Mr. Olmstead's elbows. The victims presumably hoped that if they kept their tempers the referee eventually would hear their bones crunching and would give Mr. Olmstead a penalty. This, however, did not come to pass, and any reasonably keen student of the game could have foretold what happened next.

All well-integrated hockey teams have in their line-ups players known unofficially as "policemen," part of whose duties, again unofficial, it is to step in when less robust players are being pushed around. One of the Toronto Maple Leafs' policemen is Tim Horton, one of the league's best rushing defense men, a youngster with a fierce jaw and a boyish crew-cut. Mr. Horton simply took the next opportunity to carry Mr. Olmstead into a corner, drop stick and gloves, and punch away with great authority. Both, of course, were sent to the penalty box for five minutes, but the punishment that the referee had failed to levy had been levied, nevertheless.

NATURE BOYS

That fight would have been good for all the talk on the subway going home if it hadn't been for another fight later in the game, which was an example of how an even more direct retaliation than Horton's can cause a fight. Bob Bailey, a courageous and headlong young center man up from Toronto's Pittsburgh farm for a second go at the big time, crashed the great Maurice Richard into the boards while both were chasing a loose puck. It was a borderline play which could have produced a penalty for Bailey, but the referee let it go and Bailey grabbed the puck and started on the attack. Richard, who would not be half the great player he is if he allowed himself to pushed around, got up and rushed to check him. In doing so, with his stick rather high, he broke two of Bailey's teeth. I just don't think it was unnatural that two young men of spirit should fight under such circumstances.

The ensuing hostilities lasted about 10 minutes and cost Richard $250 in fines, mainly because he was said to have slapped a linesman (who tried to restrain him) with his glove, although it appeared to me that Richard was only trying to retrieve his glove, which the linesman had grabbed.

Another type of hockey fight, as easily understood, is one which starts from plain loss of temper, due largely

continued on next page

HOCKEY *continued from page 47*

to the speed of the game and the necessarily comparable speed of the way a player reacts to any situation. A good example of this took place in a game between Detroit and Toronto. This one had a lot of tension because at the time the teams were fighting for second place. Tempers were short. When Marcel Pronovost's stick cracked the face of Jim Morrison, Toronto defense man, Harry Lumley, Toronto goalkeeper, apparently thought it had been done on purpose. He flung away stick and gloves and charged, his temper gone in an instant at the injury to his teammate. Dutch Reibel of Detroit, as loyal to Pronovost as Lumley was to Morrison, whaled away at Lumley from behind. Then Morrison, blood streaming from his forehead (six stitches were needed later), took over Pronovost himself, Lumley chased Reibel, and other players paired off. The fight lasted two or three minutes, caused six major penalties (Morrison had his stitches put in while serving his) and in my view was virtually unpreventable. Even if the referee had been going to give Pronovost a penalty for carving Morrison, he couldn't have done it fast enough to beat the reflex that sent Lumley into action.

HERE TO STAY

So I feel that fights in hockey are natural enough, the game being what it is. Some could be prevented by better refereeing, but not all. I've been watching the game since the middle '20s and there always have been fights, more than in any other sport (sometimes including boxing). If fighting had been going to kill the game, it would have died in infancy.

And often a game in which a fight occurs otherwise is pure hockey at its swiftest and most exciting, with the fights more or less natural by-products of the swiftness and excitement. Which may have prompted a remark by Conn Smythe, manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, who haven't had an unsold seat for a home game since 1947. Smythe is no cynic who believes that the fights brought the customers, but he does realize that the fights are part of the game which, despite recent sagging fortunes in New York and Chicago due to weak teams, is still one of the most exciting of them all. Said he, after the Richard-Bailey and Olmstead-Horton fracases, products of one of the year's best games: "We've got to stamp out this sort of thing, or people are going to keep on buying tickets." (END)

GOLF

CLASS DINNER

A tribute to some sterling champions

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

BILLY JOE PATTON

AMERICAN GOLF has always been extremely fortunate in the type of persons it has had as its champions. This happy fact was never more conspicuous than it was last Thursday night when golfers from all over the country gathered in the grand ballroom of the Plaza Hotel in New York to honor, principally, Babe Zaharias, Ed Furgol and Billy Joe Patton at the third annual dinner of the Metropolitan Golf Writers Association. The Babe was on hand to accept the Ben Hogan trophy for 1953, since she was unable to come up for the dinner last winter. Furgol was on hand to receive the Hogan trophy for 1954. At the moment Babe and Ed are our National Open champions but, for the occasion, that was somewhat irrelevant; the Hogan trophy does not demand victory but only that some person burdened with a physical handicap *tries*. Billy Joe Patton—or should it be William J., since that remarkable young man was temporarily situated north of the Mason and Dixon line?—was up from N.C. to receive the MGWA's Gold Tee award as the golfer who did the most for the game in 1954. Ben Hogan was there to present their trophies to the Babe and Ed, and Bob Jones was there to present the Gold Tee to Billy Joe. Now there is a galaxy of class for any man's firmament.

Whenever golfers get together, certain features of our national mores pop right out at you. For example, ever since Walter Hagen revealed himself some 40 years ago as a man who really did not mind if he outdressed the millionaires, golf pros have been the country's most haberdashing set. Until recently the pros were a trifle shaky, comparatively, about their after-dark combos but they've conquered that now, and it is doubtful if the Plaza ballroom, that old glade of the F. Scott Fitzgerald gang, ever was populated by a more immaculately garbed group—always excepting the writers. For another thing, there was a time, and not so long ago, when an athlete was considered a veritable spellbinder if he could manage a three-sentence speech without running out of words; and as for a spontaneous remark, well, as the old saying goes, they couldn't ad-lib a belch after a Hungarian meal. That certainly has gone by the boards. Nowadays, in this age of communication, they all step to the microphone as relaxed as a Hope or a Crosby and it is a real treat to listen to them.

THREE OF THE BEST are smiling as Ed Furgol and Babe Zaharias receive Hogan trophy from the man for whom it's named.

THE FIBER OF CHAMPIONS

But above all, what the diners were most aware of as they looked up to the head table and listened to one fine speech after another was that each of the principal guests had, in his or her own way, scored tremendous victories after overcoming physical and emotional disabilities of a very serious nature. It is hard to think of an occasion when so much fiber and strength of will was packed together at the center of any table. The individual stories are all well known: Ben Hogan, injured so badly in a highway collision that it was doubtful if he'd ever walk, let alone play, again and who went on to win another National Open only 16 months later, went on from that to win two further National Opens and the British, and who will be going on for some time yet; Babe Didrikson Zaharias, who underwent an operation for cancer in April, 1953 and then some 15 months later, when the average person in her position would have been settling into a career as a bedridden invalid, swept regally to victory in the Women's National Open, a tourna-

ment that requires 36 holes of play on the final day; Ed Furgol, the kid who in June, 1936 started to hitchhike from Utica to Baltusrol so that he could watch the National Open. He didn't quite make it. He got to New York all right but couldn't get a hitch out of the city. Eighteen Junes later he won the National Open at Baltusrol—a man who built himself a champion's game despite the fact that he plays with a withered left arm that goes along on his swing just for the ride. And Robert Tyre Jones Jr., still "first in the hearts of his countrymen," as Linc Werden of the New York *Times*, the toastmaster, put it. Bob has been enduring whatever is the diametric opposite of good health for the past six years. So what has happened? Bob Jones has been more active and possibly more influential) than he ever was.

They were all there to honor Billy Joe Patton, Morganton's gift to the big leagues. The hardships Billy Joe has had to contend with have been relatively minor ones but here, beneath the droll delivery of a helluva player who is also a helluva speaker with a fine original mind, was the infant golf prodigy who never quite bloomed; the long-driving college star who never quite caught fire; the never-was who, at 32, invited to the Masters on the shoestring qualification of being a Walker Cup alternate, somehow still felt he had the stuff and poured it out tournament after tournament.

It was a very enjoyable evening and also a very stirring one. END

"Let it go, Harrigan. Let it go!"

HORSES

FURRINERS!

Overseas horses are all the rage

by ALBION HUGHES

MIAMI, FLA.

THE TIME is coming when horse players will have more use for the Almanach de Gotha than the racing form. Foreign horses with pedigrees as long as their tails and names to match are staging a major invasion of the U.S. of A.

Right now there is a distinguished group of emigrés stabled at Hialeah and Gulfstream. They come from England, Ireland, France, Chile and the Argentine. Big stables that haven't any foreign-breds are certain to have one or more whose sires were not native. For, as Bert Mulholland, longtime trainer for George D. Widener, explains it: "There are fashions in horses just as in women's clothes, and we are in a cycle when it's smart to have foreign horses or their progeny."

The fashion started when the Irish Noor beat the invincible Citation in the Santa Anita Handicap in 1950. Last year's performances by the Nasrullah boys and girls sparked it too. Then, continued inflation has made it difficult to buy good American stock. W. A. Kelley, with a barnful of foreigners, points out that a domestic horse worth $20,000 costs $50,000 these days and a really top horse is priceless. The rise of $100,000 purses has seen to that.

Horatio Luro, an import himself, believes strongly that the interest in foreign horses is allied to the rise of turf racing everywhere. It is interesting that the two new foreign horses which did most creditably in the first two weeks of the Hialeah meeting were Warbern Stables' Alcibiades 2nd, which ran on the turf last Friday, and Mrs. Caroline Hunt's King's Evidence, which ran in mud. Neither won but both raced very well indeed.

Going from barn to barn I made a check list of leading outlanders. Hasty House Farms has the Irish My Beau and the English Summer Solstice. The Irishman is much the better looking but the Englishman is long on record though short on looks. Both have been coughing, and neither is ready. However, next summer in Chicago should see them doing their stuff.

The best looker among the inmates of the Luro Stables is the Chilean derby winner, Saint Oregon, owned by Arnold Hanger. He's a Widener nominee, but he hasn't bowed yet. At W. A. Kelley's Horse Motel is The Scarlet Pimpernel, a handsome gray from Elmendorf Farms, which was obviously short in its initial outing.

Veteran Trainer Tom Smith made the grand tour and hand-picked a trio from England, France and Ireland. The first two, Garde Royale (he's English) and Gerocourt (he's French), didn't run a lick. But on Saturday King's Evidence, the import from Ireland, at 45 to 1 was photographed out by Ifabody. Racing under the colors of Mrs. Caroline L. Hunt, the 4-year-old colt, owned jointly by Ed Stephenson and Bunker Hunt from Dallas, did well abroad as a 2-year-old. It's significant that his Irish owners tried to get out of the sale to the Hunts after a down payment had been made.

SOD RUNNERS

Among the familiars is Charfran Stable's Cascanuez, an Argentinian, which was one of the top turf runners last year. Not long ago he could have been claimed for $3,500. He did well on the turf last week and was seconded by Assuan, a French horse. Of course, last year's turf star, Stan, is also foreign-bred.

By the time the Gulfstream Park meeting gets under way next month most of the invaders stabled in Florida will have been heard from one way or another. A whole flock of them are headed for Gulfstream, including Ubalides and the Irish-bred Ballydonnell which have the Florida Derby in mind. Also coming in are the unbeaten French Cantanio, Jack Magic which won six straight in England, and Panalley, winner of the Prince of Wales Stakes at York. So get out the pronouncing dictionaries, take a whirl at the nearest Berlitz School and prepare to meet the invaders on your home grounds. They'll be there. END

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

February 4 through 13

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4

Basketball

(Leading college games)
N. Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
San Francisco vs. Loyola, San Francisco.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.
Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia

Boxing

● Kid Gavilan vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights,
● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Ice Yachting

Invitational regatta, Lake Winnebago, Wis.

Skiing

Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H.

Tennis

Northwest men's indoor, Minneapolis.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Bowling Green vs. Duquesne, Bowling Green, O.
Duke vs. W. Virginia, Durham, N.C.
Illinois vs. Northwestern, Champaign, Ill.
● Iowa vs. Purdue, Iowa City, Ia., 3 p.m. (CBS).
Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Memphis, Tenn.
La Salle vs. Georgetown, Philadelphia.
Missouri vs. Oklahoma, Columbia, Mo.
Niagara vs. Holy Cross, Buffalo, N.Y.
N. Carolina St. vs. Clemson, Raleigh, N.C.
Ohio St. vs. Indiana, Columbus, O.
San Francisco vs. St. Mary's, San Francisco.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles.
Utah vs. Montana St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Wm. & Mary vs. Maryland, Williamsburg, Va.
(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Waterloo, Ia.
New York vs. Boston, New York.
● Philadelphia vs. Ft. Wayne, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC).
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester, N.Y.

Bobsledding

Natl. AAU 2-man championship, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Boxing

Johnny Ortega vs. Keeny Teran, for American flyweight title, Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif. (12 rds.).

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.
Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

McLennan Handicap, $50,000 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Fla.
Santa Margarita Handicap, $50,000 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Santa Anita Pk., Calif.

Ice Yachting

Eastern Ice Yachting Assn. meet, Bellport, L.I.

Sailing

Nassau Cup race, Nassau.

Skiing

Natl. Jumping championships, Leavenworth, Wash.

Track & Field

● Millrose AA games, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
Natl. AAU Sr. women's indoor meet, Chicago.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
Ft. Wayne vs. Rochester, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

Bobsledding

Natl. AAU 4-man championship, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.
New York vs. Montreal, New York.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Basketball

Duquesne vs. Villanova, Pittsburgh.
Indiana vs. Wisconsin, Bloomington, Ind.
Michigan vs. Illinois, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Minnesota vs. Ohio St., Minneapolis.
Miss. St. vs. Kentucky, State Coll., Miss.

Boxing

● Holly Mims vs. Milo Savage, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
● Chico Vejar vs. Joe Klein, welterweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-local blackout).

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Maryland vs. Geo. Washington, College Pk., Md.
Virginia vs. N. Carolina St., Charlottesville, Va.
(Professionals)
● Boston vs. Syracuse; New York vs. Minneapolis, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Carnegie Tech vs. Duquesne, Pittsburgh.
Coll. of Pac. vs. San Francisco, Stockton, Calif.
Kentucky vs. Georgia, Lexington, Ky.
N. Carolina St. vs. Wm. & Mary, Norfolk, Va.
SMU vs. TCU, Dallas, Tex.
(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. New York; Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.
Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Joey Giardello vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, Baltimore Coliseum (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Dog Sled Derby

Intl. Dog Sled Derby, Ottawa.

Hockey

● New York vs. Chicago, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10

Basketball

(Leading college games)
● La Salle vs. Manhattan; NYU vs. St. Louis, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).
(Professionals)
Ft. Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
New York vs. Milwaukee, Pittsfield, Mass.
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse, N.Y.

Golf

St. Petersburg Women's Open, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Tucson Open, El Rio C.C., Tucson, Ariz.

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Brigham Young vs. Utah, Provo, Utah.
Geo. Washington vs. Richmond, Washington, D.C.
N. Carolina St. vs. S. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
San Jose St. vs. San Francisco, San Jose, Calif.
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles.
(Professionals)
Rochester vs. Ft. Wayne; Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Harold Johnson vs. Paul Andrews, light heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Jimmy Carter vs. Tony DeMarco, lightweights (nontitle), Boston Garden (10 rds.).

Dog Sled Derby

N. American Dog Sled Derby, W. Yellowstone, Mont.

Squash Racquets

Natl. Squash Racquets singles, Detroit.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Iowa vs. Indiana, Iowa City, Ia.
La Salle vs. Richmond, Philadelphia.
Maryland vs. N. Carolina, College Pk., Md.
● Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis, 3 p.m. (CBS).
Northwestern vs. Michigan St., Evanston, Ill.
Penn vs. Dartmouth; Villanova vs. Boston College, Palestra, Philadelphia.
Purdue vs. Michigan, Lafayette, Ind.
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles.
Westminster vs. Duquesne, New Wilmington, Pa.
Wisconsin vs. Ohio St., Madison, Wis.
(Professionals)
New York vs. Ft. Wayne, New York.
Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y.
● Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse, N.Y., 3 p.m. (NBC).

Bobsledding

Olympic tryouts, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Antonio Handicap, $50,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Calif.

Ice Skating

N. American outdoor speed championships, Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Sailing

S. American championship regatta, Lightning Class, Buenos Aires.

Skiing

Natl. cross-country championships, Willamette Pass, Ore.

Track & Field

● NYAC meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. race, Jacksonville, Fla.

Basketball

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Ft. Wayne vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.
New York vs. Montreal, New York.

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Wes Santee**, confident, short-striding Kansan, ran away from Denmark's formidable Gunnar Nielsen, made good his boast of new world indoor mark with sensational 4:03.8 performance in Hunter Mile at Boston AA meet, clipped one and a half seconds from Gil Dodds' 4:05.3 standard. ● **Bill Sharman**, sharpshooting Boston Celtics' guard, dropped in four foul shots in team's 101-90 win over Syracuse, set new NBA mark of 50 consecutive free throws at Boston. ● **Jean Paul Gosselin** of Sherbrooke, Quebec mushed five miles in 44:12.2 for new world snowshoe record at International Snowshoers Convention in Ottawa. ● **Elizabeth Boselli**, French aviatrix, averaged 465 mph in Mistral jet over 1,000-kilometer closed circuit course near Mont-de-Marsan in southern France, established new world speed record for women. ● **Lafayette, Ind. Swim Club** raced 400-yard medley relay in 4:34.2, bettered own women's world record time at Lafayette, Ind.

BASKETBALL

Minnesota edged **Purdue** 59-56 in six overtime periods, took over undisputed Big Ten leadership. With score still deadlocked after five extra sessions, Minnesota took advantage of Purdue errors, three quick baskets by **Gerald Lindsey** and **Dave Tucker** to post win.

Marquette extended winning streak to 15, longest in nation, scored double win over Loyola of New Orleans 73-70, 90-88. Southerners carried Marquette into overtime in second game, lost out on **Bobby Van Vooren**'s lay-up with 22 seconds to play.

Kentucky got first-rate scare from Vanderbilt, forged ahead in last five minutes, won 75-71, maintained No. 1 ranking.

Maryland got unexpected resistance from weak Navy, won 60-54 for 13th victory in 16 games.

Villanova repeated earlier upset of North Carolina State, whipped sixth-ranked Wolfpack 107-96 despite 49 points and 35 rebounds by **Ron Shavlik**.

SMU walloped Baylor 96-84, set new Southwest Conference scoring record, tied TCU for first place.

La Salle had easy going, disposed of St. Joseph's of Philadelphia 82-56, boosted season's record to 14-4.

San Francisco, in No. 2 spot, continued to win with ease, routed Stanford 76-60, California 84-62.

Utah trailed Utah State by nine points early in game, came on to win 60-52, retained Skyline Conference lead.

Oregon State beat Washington 55-51, 57-43, moved closer to Northern Division title in Pacific Coast Conference.

Boston Celtics and **Syracuse Nationals** each won twice, remained deadlocked for first place in tight NBA Eastern Division race. **N.Y. Knickerbockers** lost three, were two and a half games off pace.

Ft. Wayne Pistons snapped three-game losing streak, whipped second-place Minneapolis Lakers 99-92, held substantial lead over rivals in Western Division. Streaking **Rochester Royals** won five straight, drew closer to Lakers.

TRACK AND FIELD

Arnold Sowell, fleet-footed Pitt star, ran extra lap in confused Hollis 600 at Boston AA meet, was clocked in 1:14.3 for regulation distance, beat Joe Gaffney by 12 yards. **Mal Whitfield**, back from five-month world tour, dropped out on final lap.

Herman Wyatt of Armed Forces came within half inch of world indoor high jump record in same meet, won with 6-foot, 10¼-inch mark. Other winners: **Gene Maynard** won rough Lapham 1,000 in slow 2:14; **Harrison Dillard** nipped Rod Perry in 45-yard hurdles in :05.6; **Horace Ashenfelter** of New York took two-mile run in 8:55.5; **Ron Richard** of Armed Forces edged Art Bragg in 50-yard dash in :05.4, the **Rev. Bob Richards** cleared 15 feet in pole vault for 62nd time in career, was first with 15-foot, 2-inch leap.

BASEBALL

Joe DiMaggio, former N.Y. Yankee outfield star, polled 223 votes in annual election conducted by Baseball Writers Association, led Pitchers **Ted Lyons** (217) and **Dazzy Vance** (205). Catcher **Gabby Hartnett** (195) into baseball's Hall of Fame, greatest honor a ballplayer can achieve.

HORSE RACING

Determine finished neck behind fast-stepping Miz Clementine but won $163,460 Santa Anita Maturity when stewards upheld Jockey **Ray York**'s claim of foul, penalized Calumet Farm's filly and Eddie Arcaro for bumping Andy Crevolin's little gray Kentucky Derby winner in stretch.

BOXING

U.S. Supreme Court, in long-awaited decision, ruled 6-2 that boxing is subject to anti-trust laws, cleared way for Justice Department to press anti-trust suit against **International Boxing Club** (see page 16).

Joey Giardello, young middleweight whose principal exercise in recent months has been limited to Philadelphia street corner brawls, was hard pressed in early rounds, staged late rally, overtook tough Al Andrews to win close 10-rounder at Norfolk, Va. IBC promptly rematched pair for Feb. 9 at Baltimore.

Jimmy Carter made first start since regaining lightweight title from Paddy DeMarco, chased Bobby Woods for 10 rounds, won unanimous decision in dull nontitle fight at Spokane.

Nino Valdes, No. 1 heavyweight contender who hopes to fight Rocky Marciano for championship, appeared sluggish but had easy time in seventh-round KO win over Jack Flood at Huntington, W.Va.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of Associated Press writers' poll)

Team, standings this week with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis; first-place votes in parentheses.

	Points
1—Kentucky (48)	1,031
2—San Francisco (33)	953
3—La Salle (2)	541
4—Duquesne	532
5—Utah (4)	442
6—North Carolina State	434
7—George Washington (7)	421
8—UCLA (2)	276
9—Marquette (10)	274
10—Illinois	236

Runners-up: 11, Marquette 1 225; 12, Maryland 214; 13, Alabama 13 147; 14, Holy Cross 108; 15, Dayton 2 90.

FOOTBALL

George Halas, owner-coach of Chicago Bears, winner of five National Football League titles in 29 years, revealed his intention to retire as coach after 1955 season, remarked wishfully, "It would be sweet to leave with another championship."

Sid Gillman, successful University of Cincinnati coach, was named coach of **Los Angeles Rams**, succeeding Hampton Pool.

Bob Blackman of Denver University, whose playing career was halted by polio, was appointed coach at **Dartmouth College**.

BOBSLEDDING

Franz Kapus, lanky Swiss mechanic, whipped down icy one-mile run in 5:10.52 for four heats, upset Fritz Feierabend by scant ½ second, captured world four-man bobsled championship for self and crew at St. Moritz.

Stanley Benham, veteran U.S. driver, was banned from international competition for three years by International Bobsled Federation for "withdrawal from four-man championship in 1954. . . ." At Lake Placid, N.Y. Benham set four-heat record of 4:44.77, one heat mark of 1:10.35, won Adirondack AAU four-man title, created new standards of 5:01.47 for four heats, 1:14.20 for one heat, grabbed two-man crown.

BILLIARDS

Willie Mosconi, world pocket billiards champion from Haddon Heights, N.J., won nine of 10 blocks, to lead up 1,500 points to 589, overwhelmed Joe Procita of Los Angeles in successful defense of title at Chicago.

GOLF

Bill Campbell of Huntington, W.Va., runner-up in 1954 British Amateur, now recovering from severe hand burns, was named captain of nine-man U.S. Walker Cup team. Others selected: **Billy Joe Patton, Harvie Ward Jr., Don Cherry, James G. Jackson, Lieut. Joe Conrad, Bruce Cudd, Dale Morey, Richard Yost.**

Mortie Dutra of Los Angeles finished with strong 72 on final round, grabbed National PGA senior title with 213 at Dunedin, Fla.

Pat Lesser of Seattle maintained superiority over Barbara Romack, national amateur champion from Sacramento, Calif., won 6 and 5 in Helen Lee Doherty tournament at Miami.

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings tied **N.Y. Rangers**, Chicago Black Hawks, blasted league-leading Montreal Canadiens 7-1, moved within one

continued on next page

point of top spot. **Boston Bruins** blanked Toronto Maple Leafs 3-0, Goalie **John Henderson** scoring fifth shutout.

AUTO RACING

Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina placed second in two heats in new Mercedes Benz 3,000 but edged Stirling Moss of England on combined time of 2:23:18.9, won Buenos Aires Grand Prix.

ICE SKATING

Ken Bartholomew, veteran Minneapolis speed skater, captured 440, 880, ¾-mile, 5-mile events, placed second in 220 and 2-mile, piled up 160 points for sixth straight national outdoor title at St. Paul. **Pat Gibson** of University of Wisconsin swept all five races, successfully defended senior women's crown.

Alain Giletti, 15-year-old French youngster, outskated 13 rivals, took European men's figure skating championship at Budapest. **Hanna Eigl**, blond Austrian star, won women's title when Yvonne Sugden of England, leading in competition, fell during free-skating events.

TENNIS

Ken Rosewall, who upset Tony Trabert in semi-finals, outclassed Lew Hoad, 9-7, 6-4, 6-4, captured Australian singles title at Adelaide. **Trabert** and **Vic Seixas** downed Hoad and Rosewall, 6-3, 6-2, 2-6, 3-6, 6-1, became first Americans to win doubles crown since 1933.

SKIING

Snow Cup Giant Slalom attracted top-notch field to Alta, Utah, produced both good performances and disaster. **Marvin Melville** of Salt Lake City led men with fast 1:39.9 clocking; **Mrs. Andrea Mead Lawrence** of Aspen, Col., U.S. Olympic double gold medal winner in 1952, paced women with 1:38.4. Disaster entered the picture late in day when wind became brisk, sun faded, turned slopes icy, created wicked bump, caused disqualification of eight skiers who went too fast to make all gates, brought bad spills to dozen others, sent four to hospital. Most seriously injured was pretty **Jill Kinmont** of Bishop, Calif., first to win women's national junior and senior slalom in same year and outstanding candidate for Olympic team (SI, Jan. 31), who suffered fractures of fourth, fifth and sixth vertebrae of neck.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—**Willie Mays**, exciting New York Giants outfielder, National League's Most Valuable Player, Male Athlete Of Year in AP poll; named winner of Ray Hickok $10,000 diamond-studded belt as professional athlete of year.

DIED—**Jonni Myyra**, 62, Finnish javelin thrower, onetime holder of world record of 216 feet, 10⅜ inches, Olympic champion in 1920, 1924; at San Francisco.

DIED—**Arthur Duffey**, 75, first man to run 100-yard dash in :09.6, *Boston Post* sports columnist, of heart attack, at Boston. Duffey was charged with being professional in 1905, had three-year-old performance stricken from record book.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST

Army 95—St Michael's 64
Boston U 78—Boston Coll 58
Brown 81—Tufts 66
CCNY 78—New Britain 56
Calif (Pa.) 76—Slipp R 71
Canisius 73—Loyola (Balt.) 63
Columbia 75—Army 69
Fordham 75—Seton Hall 55
Holstra 102—Baltimore 91
Lafayette 88—Albright 71
La Salle 82—St Joseph's 56
Manhattan 72—Lemoyne 65
Manhattan 52—Siena 50
Niagara 91—Scranton 65
Penn St 84—Temple 80
Slipp. R 96—Alliance 76
St. Francis (N.Y.) 63—Siena 48
St Francis (Pa.) 95—St Bon 93
St Joseph's 81—Drexel 78
W Va T 127—W Va Wes 106
W.Va. Tech 137—Bethany 80

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama 101—Georgia 74
Arkansas 55—Okla City 52
Auburn 93—Florida 69
Furman 89—Clemson 73
Furman 125—Va Tech 87
Georgetown 82—Spring Hill 75
Georgia 70—Georgia Tech 66
Georgia Tech 73—Auburn 70
Houston 60—Okla A&M 58
Houston 59—Texas 52
LSU 67—Mississippi St. 63
Louisville 68—Bradley 51
Loyola (N O.) 69—Georgetown 68
Kentucky 75—Vanderbilt 71
Marquette 73—Loyola (N O.) 70
Marquette 90—Loyola (N O.) 88
Maryland 60—Navy 54
Miami 84—Georgetown 81
Miss South 73—N Texas 72
Miss South 69—Georgetown 65
Navy 79—American U 52
Phillips Oilers 82—Fla St 65
SMU 96—Baylor 84
Tennessee 79—Georgia Tech 58
TCU 101—Abilene Christian 83
Tulane 83—Mississippi 82
Tulsa 67—Houston 64
Vanderbilt 88—Dav Lips. 61
Villanova 107—N Car. St 96
Virginia 87—VMI 72
WakeForest75—Richmond72
W. Virginia 64—Va. Tech 61
W Virginia 88—Pitt 74
W. Kentucky 81—Tenn. Tech 73

WEST

Beloit 90—Wheaton 82
Cincinnati 113—Ball St. 65
Cincinnati 101—W. Kentucky 92
Dayton 91—Xavier 80
Illinois 95—Loyola (Chi.) 70
Iowa 79—Ohio St. 66
Michigan St 88—DePaul 72
Minnesota102—N'western82
Minnesota 59—Purdue 56
Ohio St 91—N'western 90
Okla City 67—Wyoming 47
St. Frances (Pa.) 102—B.-Wall 84
St Francis (Pa.) 115—J Carroll 94
St Louis 88—St John's 70
Tulsa 47—Oklahoma A&M 44
W Kentucky 89—Bowl Green 69
Wichita 80—Drake 78
Wyoming 73—Wichita 70

FAR WEST

Arizona St. 92—Arizona 74
Arizona St. 101—S. Diego NTC 70
Arizona St 79—Arizona 72
Colorado 78—Iowa St. 71
Colo A&M 76—Colo. St. 57
Denver 73—Colo. A&M 69
Idaho 75—Wash. St. 73
Idaho St. 88—Gonzaga 76
Montana 71—Montana St. 62
Oregon 81—Brig. Young 76
Oregon 82—Brig. Young 71
OregonSt 57—Washington 43
OregonSt 55—Washington 51
San Fran 84—California 62
San Fran 76—Stanford 60
S. Jose St. 73—Cal. Poly 66
S Jose St 59—S Drego St 46
Santa Clara 66—California 59
Seattle 70—Loyola (L.A.) 58
S. Cal. 68—Hawaii Navy 23
S. Cal. 84—Hawaii 58
S. Cal. 76—Hawaii 43
Stanford 72—Santa Clara 67
UCLA 84—Cal Poly 55
UCLA 91—Santa Barbara 62
Utah 60—Utah St. 52
Washington St. 68—Idaho 60

PROFESSIONALS

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Syracuse	Ft Wayne	Phila	Boston	
W-25 L-21	66-69	**107-99**	90-101	
Pct .543	**94-79**	83-93		
1. Boston	Ft Wayne	Rochester	Syracuse	Milwaukee
W-25 L-21	**99-90**	92-98	**101-90**	79-88
Pct .543				
3. New York	Rochester	Phila	Milwaukee	
W-22 L-23	104-107	94-83	**95-93**	
Pct.: 489	94-96			
4. Philadelphia	Syracuse	New York	Rochester	
W-18 L-25	98-107	**94-83**	85-87	
Pct.. 419	**93-83**			

WESTERN DIVISION

1. Ft. Wayne	Syracuse	Boston	Minneapolis		
W-31; L-16	**69-66**	90-99	91-100		
Pct .660	79-94		**99-92**		
2. Minneapolis	Milwaukee	Ft Wayne			
W-25, L-21	79-85	**100-91**			
Pct .543		92-99			
3. Rochester	Milwaukee	NewYork	Boston	Phila.	
W-21, L-23	**97-86**	**107-104**	**98-92**	**87-85**	
Pct.: .477		**96-94**			
4. Milwaukee	Rochester	Minn.	NewYork	Boston	
W-15 L-32	86-97	**85-79**	93-95	**88-79**	
Pct 319					

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

BOXING

JOHNNY HOLMAN, 4-round TKO over Cesar Brion, heavyweights, Miami Beach.
PADDY YOUNG, 5-round TKO over Tony Johnson, light-heavyweights, Brooklyn, N.Y.
PETE ADAMS, 9-round TKO over Angelo Brisco, middleweights, New York.
CHICO VEJAR, 3-round TKO over Riggie Alotti, middleweights, Stamford, Conn.
GEORGE JOHNSON 10-round decision over Ramon Fuentes, middleweights Philadelphia
TONY PERCY, 12-round decision over Reggie Chartrand, for Canadian welterweight title, Montreal
JOEY LOPES, 10-round decision over Johnny McCray, lightweights, Sacramento, Calif
RAY FAMECHON, 15-round decision over Sergio Milan, for European featherweight title, Milan.

CURLING

MT. ROYAL, Montreal, over Utica No. 1, 12-6, intl. mixed bonspiel, Lake Placid, N.Y.

DOG SHOWS

FUATH OF ULAID, Irish wolfhound, best-in-show, Maryland Kennel Club, Baltimore.

FIELD TRIALS

TIMILEE, Natl. Amateur Shooting Dog championship, Somerville, Tenn.
BELLOAKS EZRA, amateur all-age stake, Brittany field trials, Pinehurst, N.C.
TURNTO, Field Trial Club Derby, Canton, Miss.

GOLF

HEINIE MANUSH and PAUL WANER, tied for first, with 237, Early Wynn invitation, Venice, Fla.
MIKE FETCHICK, Scarsdale, N.Y., Imperial Valley Open, with 266, Brawley, Calif.

HOCKEY

Natl. Hockey League

1. Montreal	Toronto	Boston	Detroit	
W-29; L-13; T-8	1-1	**4-0**	1-7	
Pts. 66				
2. Detroit	New York	Chicago	Montreal	
W-29, L-15, T-7	3-3	2-2	**7-1**	
Pts.: 65				
3. Toronto	Montreal	New York	Boston	
W-20; L-16, T-15	1-1	1-3	0-3	
Pts.. 55				
4. Boston	Chicago	Montreal	Toronto	
W-17; L-19; T-12	**5-2**	0-4	**3-0**	
Pts.: 46				
5. New York	Detroit	Toronto	Chicago	
W-13; L-25; T-13	3-3	3-1	2-4	
Pts.. 39				
6. Chicago	Boston	Detroit	New York	
W-9; L-29, T-11	2-5	2-2	**4-2**	
Pts.: 29				

HORSE RACING

GUERRERO $39,810 California Breeders' Championship, 1 1, 16 m., by a nose, in 1:43, Santa Anita, Calif. Johnny Longden up.
ST VINCENT $25,000 San Gabriel Handicap, 1¼ m., by a nose, in 2 00, Santa Anita, Calif. Johnny Longden up.
BLESSBULL $20,550 Palm Beach Handicap, 7 f., by 3½ lengths, in 1 23, Hialeah Pk., Fla. Jack Skelly up.

ICE SKATING

(Middle Atlantic figure skating championship, New York)
NANCY E HEISS, New York, sr. women's singles title.
LARRY LOVETT Baltimore, sr. men's singles title
(Midwest Open speed skating championships, La Crosse, Wis.)
PAUL ELLIOT, Chicago, sr. men's title, with 80 pts.
GALE ERDMANN, Milwaukee, sr. women's title, with 70 pts

MOTORBOATING

RAY GASSNER, St. Petersburg, Fla., Orange Cup Trophy for inboards, Lakeland, Fla.
BILL TENNY, Dayton, Ohio, Orange Club Trophy for outboards, Lakeland, Fla.

SAILING

HOOT MON, 28-m. Lipton Cup race, in 3 18:20 corrected time, Miami Beach.

SHOOTING

(World live bird championships, Cairo)
BILL ISETTS, U.S., men's championship, with 24 of 25.
MRS. P TORREGIANNI, Italy, women's championship, with 9 of 10.
U.S., over Egypt, in shoot-off, Match of Nations title.

SKIING

ANSTEN SAMUELSTUEN, Steamboat Springs, Col., N. American jumping championship, with 229.1 pts., St. Paul, Minn.
SVEN S. JOHANSSON, Alaska, N. American cross-country title, in 1 12 27, Minneapolis.
ART DEVLIN, Lake Placid, N.Y., Norsemen Ski Club Trophy, with 219.6 pts., Bear Mountain, N.Y.
CHARLES TREMBLAY, Lebanon, N.H., Class A title, with 244.7 pts., New Hampshire jumping championship, Lebanon, N.H.

TENNIS

EDDIE MOYLAN, Trenton, N.J., over Jean Noel Grinda, 9-7, 6-2, S. Florida men's singles, W. Palm Beach.
MILDRED THORNTON, Ormond Beach, Fla., over Pat Stewart, 9-7, 6-4, S. Florida women's singles, W. Palm Beach.
JERRY MOSS, U.S., over Mike Green, 10-8, 6-2, Australian jr. singles, Adelaide.
MOSS and GREEN, over Graham Stewart and Neville Nette, 16-14, 3-6, 6-4, Australian jr. doubles, Adelaide.

SNOW PATROL

NS = *new snow*; **PO** = powder; **PP** = packed powder; **HP** = hard-packed snow; **HB** = hard base; **GR** = granular; **FG** = frozen granular; **CO** = corn snow; **BC** = breakable crust; **UC** = unbreakable crust; **W** = wet; **IC** = icy condition; **BS** = bare spots; **DC** = dangerous condition; **CL** = trail or slope closed.

NUMERALS REPRESENT INCHES OF SNOW

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

The Eastern areas are hoping for new snow following recent cold wave, while Western resorts continue to report good-to-excellent conditions

NEW ENGLAND: FRANCONIA, N.H.: 1 **PO** on 4-10 **HB** with conditions consistently good. Temps. ranged from 20 below to 22 above.

NORTH CONWAY, N.H.: Skiing has been erratic due to **GR** surface on 7-10 **HB** with some **IC**. Gibson Trophy race scheduled here for Feb. 6.

STOWE, VT.: 1 **PO** on 28-40 **HB**. Some **NS** would certainly help. Average temp. past week was 3 below.

MAD RIVER GLEN, VT.: 2 **PP** on 30 **IS HP** with ovcas. and occ. spots. N.Y. City Ski Council event sparsely planned for Feb. 5 to 7.

MT. BROMLEY, VT.: Weekend attendance mark was shattered again as some 6,000 schussed over 3 **PP** on 7-20 **HB**. Waiting time on T-bar lifts hit 20 minutes.

BERKSHIRE MTS., MASS.: Jiminy Peak has been going for two weekends with 3-10 **FG** and some **PP**. **NS** would be appreciated. Otis Ridge needs at least 4 **PO**. So does Catamount.

NEW YORK: BELLEAYRE, 2 **PP** on 5-10. Skiing is fair to good with 10-20 min. wait for lifts. New gross receipts record for last Sat. by crowds of 3,700.

WHITEFACE MT.: They're having a real old-fashioned winter up here: plenty of snow and cold. 10 **HP** on lower cvr.

TICONDEROGA: 4 **PO** on 18. February is usually the top month at this area.

QUEBEC: LAC BEAUPORT: 1 **PO** on maximum; 12 **HB**. Over 600 new racing cats ready for winter carnival parade Feb. 5.

MONT TREMBLANT: **PO** surface on 30-50 **HB**. The skiing here has been good to excellent most of the winter. Rivat Cup race scheduled for Feb. 6.

PENNSYLVANIA: ELKHORN: Limited MU has had its best season ever, and this week is no exception. 6-11 on a **PO** in 2-15 base. Recent temps. zero to 15 above.

MIDWEST: BOYNE MT., MICH.: 4-8 **PP** plus 3-4 **NS** on 8-30 **HB**. Ideal snow conditions since 1945. Xmas holiday crowd set record; week-end attendance hit 1,100.

HERKY PEAK, S. DAK.: 2-3 **NS** [illegible] almost daily. Base is now 3-18 and skiing rates excellent. Recent temps. 15 to 40°, mild.

ROCKY MTS.: BERTHOUD PASS, COLO.: Trails are smooth thanks to 10 **NS** (skied down to 5 **PP** in some places) over 20-26 **HB**. Big days: Xmas, ASPEN, COLO.: Rosie Fogo Derrick are icy. All trails **PP** on 18-30, no lift lines.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO: Base varies up to down, to 28 atop Baldy. 10 on valley floor. Some **NS** would be welcome indeed.

ALTA, UTAH: Skiing is near perfect thanks to 9 light **PO** on 70-79 **HB**. Waiting time for lift runs 15 min. Young snow bunnies have been packing the lower slopes every weekend, and experts escape into upper trails.

SANTA FE, N.MEX.: Great **PO** on 24 temps. 20-45. Open slopes have been fair to good.

WHITEFISH, MONT.: Old snow has settled to 36-40 **PB** with 1-2 **NS** surface.

JACKSON, WYO.: Skiers here are all smiles thanks to 12-20 dry **PP**. Reins of powder hill have not shocked racing addicts here in east.

NORTHWEST: GROUSE MT., BRITISH COLUMBIA: Rain skiers' No. 1 enemy fell last week, icing trails. 3 W on frozen base with totals from 65 to 90. Stiff natural wait for lifts on ski school Saturday.

MT. BAKER, WASH.: Fast, W and **BC** surfaces have separated the men from the boys. Skiing is only fair due to W. MAX snow on 61 **HP** base. IC on acres of ice.

SNOQUALMIE PASS, WASH.: Good trail but no **NS**. Best skiing under 1 ft. of **PP**.

MT. HOOD, ORE.: Needed for good skiing: 2 **NS** to go with 97 base. Trails from Timberline to Govt. Camp are W to cut. Best for beginners. Ladder has no **NS**, 70 base.

FAR WEST: SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.: 60-105 **HP**. Skiing here has been excellent most of the winter. Daytime temps. 15-60. Crowds last weekend, 11,500 had no wait for lifts.

SNOW VALLEY, CALIF.: North-side **IC**, south slope granular but fast on hard. Base 18 **HP**.

RENO, NEV.: Ski conditions still tops. 2 **PO** over 18 **PP** in west areas. 72 **HB** on upper.

MT. BALDY, CALIF.: 30-48 **PP** in the second bowl. Trails were open to novices over the week-end, Sept. 17 and 18, after the first half-dozen practice days of the latter. Crowds on 20-mile weekend: wait to about 40 [illegible]

[illegible]

runs are plush wool and all new rain should round out river. Warmest weather.

WEAKFISH: FLORIDA: In Tampa area weaks are on edge of channel, especially in deepened areas of Old Tampa Bay and in the Lower Tampa Bay Bridge. Sunshine Skyway, try trolling with live mullet along deep bottoms.

LOUISIANA: Good catches of trout averaging 2½ pounds were made in Oak River in Delacroix Island area last week, and **OG** next two weeks.

SAILFISH: FLORIDA: Good weeks ahead as fishing in Vero-Stuart area **OG**, south of Palm Beaches when weather settles.

MEXICO: Acapulco anglers averaging two fish daily as seas remain calm. **OG** through Feb.

MARLIN: BAHAMAS: Rough seas stymied sailors at Nassau, but on lee shores of Abacos they found wahoo still present in worthwhile numbers. **OG** at west Andros, east Bimini.

MEXICO: Manzanillo spot saved trip: are tough all over as 14 charter trips last week produced two rare in.

STURGEON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Roy Tiechman landed a 225-pounder on rod and reel on the Fraser River near Hope. Dumped after battle Roy issued statement: "Whew!"

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG = fishing good; **FF** = fishing fair; **FP** = fishing poor. **OG** = outlook good; **OP** = outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BLACK BASS: NEVADA: Colorado River reservoirs from Mead to Havasu (Calif.) report **FG** when winds permit on deep running plugs.

MISSISSIPPI: A. Tom Ragan of the Biloxi Chamber of Commerce to steer you to creeks and bayous emptying into back bay of Biloxi, where you can take frost-water bass and salt-water trout from same skiff. Works are deeper as heavier salt water until late layer of frost.

LOUISIANA: **FG** and **OG** in barrow pits of Bonnet Carre spillway just above New Orleans.

MISSOURI: Cold weather drove bass deep into lakes Clearwater and Wappapello and **OP** until weather gets warmer.

FLORIDA: 13-pound bigmouth came poled from Lake Hatchineha on Kissimmee River last week and **OG** in that watershed next two weeks. Or try Lake Griffin north of Leesburg. In general cold windy weather put fish off feed last week and few spots are producing well throughout state. Best bets: Lake Rosalie (30 miles east of Lake Wales and large sand ponds near Bay County and Washington County lines (northwest Florida) where mixed bags of chain pickerel and medium-sized bass provide action and fair [illegible] sized to 8 lbs. Not spots and white hair on streamer should get results. And deepwater plug fishing in front of Lake Tarpon spillway will stay occasional nice-sized gars as side dish to fair bassing.

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: A few reds are still taking trolled lures in Ochlockonee Aucilla and Apalachee estuaries. NW coast bite action slowing down. Try stakes. 11 and 12 at mouth of St. Marks River with fiddler crab bait.

LOUISIANA: Along nearby coast reds have moved above tidal energies to creeks and bays, attracted by downcut flow. Try [illegible] tackle for cast spoon or jingo bait cast. Reds but Fish are also deeper have and vicinity over Jeffersonand Chandeleur Islands.

STEELHEAD TROUT: OREGON: **FP** on almost all streams but improving and a good rain could start the ball rolling. **OG**.

CALIFORNIA: All streams north of Russian River including South Fork of Eel clear and falling, with limits of fish to 12 pounds not uncommon. Gualala, Big, Navarro and Ten Mile are clear but **FP**; Navarro in perfect shape with best trout pools. San Lorenzo producing fine limiters with best fish up to 5 pounds. Garcia clear but losing power. Best bet this week: Russian River.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Wild, cold weather leaving conditions inside fish over 20 pounds continue to dominate reports from all B.C. parts. Experts say part of run had lingered at sea in extra year of cold salt water for fatty. Queen Oyster, Qualicum, Nanaimo, Cowichan, Vedder and Brem Coma rivers are reporting all seven sweep runs and **OG** next two weeks.

WASHINGTON: Runs aren't materializing as expected although rivers are in fine stage. Rus Germaun of Aberdeen shore-hooked 28-pounder from Cowlitz River last week. Coast all streams generally **FF** and **OG**, with Quoits Bogachiel and Solduck best bets. Puyallup and Skagit **FF**, **OF**; Columbia above McNary **FF**, **OF**; Cowlitz River system **OF**. Apparently no

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]

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(Balladier-Taj Bibi)

Wine List —$500 live foal
(Questionnaire-Fizz II)

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TIP FROM THE TOP

For golfers of all degrees of skill

from **GENE SARAZEN,** *U.S. Open champion, 1922 and 1932*

For a good many golfers today, there is only one season, apparently: winter. Even when the calendar states it is July, they play winter rules, helping themselves to preferred lies before each shot from the fairway. In the long run they are not helping themselves at all. To develop sound hand action, the secret of good golf, a player must learn to hit his shots from all varieties of lies. Besides, that is the game.

When it comes to the woods especially, the average golfer takes a preferred lie almost automatically because he has no confidence the club will get the ball up into the air. Here I would strongly recommend that he use fairway woods with shallow faces. For one thing, the club head can get down into the ball on a snug lie far better than a deep-faced club head can. For another, on a normal lie, the shallow face rides below the top of the ball, and this gives you the wonderful feeling that you can't miss getting that ball up. Call it optics if you want, but it will help you to move into the complete swing with greater confidence and style.

I am always a little surprised today when I find myself referred to as an outstanding fairway wood player, for I certainly wasn't when I started my career. I do know, though, that after I changed from deep-faced to shallow-faced woods, I became far more consistent and accurate.

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: WILLIE HUNTER ON THE CHIP SHOT

Some people are in the mood but haven't the money . . .

Some people have the money but aren't in the mood . . .

Some people have both the mood and the money

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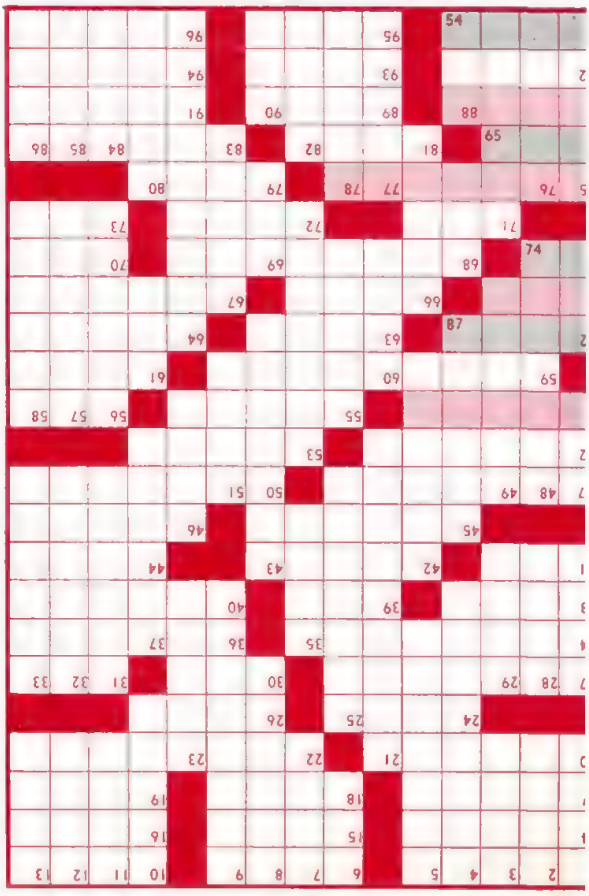
MATCHWIT

MATCHWIT is the only duet crossword in the world. To solve it, couples may sit opposite each other at a card table or well-balanced lapboard. At the signal, both contestants start solving. The definitions are daffy—watch out for puns, anagrams and persiflage; let your mind wander. Some of the words link the two puzzles together, permitting one player to do the other in the eye. Save these till last. If both players get stuck, the puzzles may be reversed and the solving resumed. First one finished wins. It's designed for two but one can play it alone.



ACROSS

1. Plowcy section of cabaret.
6. State of a wet blanket
10. A one-round fight.
14 The man in the balcony
15. Novel written in ciphers.
16. Noble man
17. Something to remember.
18 Kind of flying auto.
19 Kind of man
20 What privateers do
22 This is simply heavenly
24 Pedestaled in Spain
26. Member of the woodpile.
27 Airplanes 'n good shape
30 Shady sit here
31 Hear her roar, Sam
33 Cloud surrounding Hollywood
36 Great excitement!
38 Pitching half of McCarthy
39 Kind of rough fare
40 He's definitely upper class.
41 Letters for the Navy
42 Servant of the deadly sins
44 Where to find the village green
45 Don't wear a mooring coat to this
46 This will give you a tic
47 It's necessities too
50 Buried one out of the ball park
53 Long vows
54 Dramatic beginning
55 A lot of runs for a ball team
56 This is not so good
59 Disturbing juncos at golf courses.
61 This will get you into hot water
63 Smeared sublayer
64 What they talk in N Z
65 Rosalinda and others
66 Verdancy in the mood for this
67 Funny jokes to wear a toupee
68 Work with fat figures
69 Where to find Elgars
70 Short book of the Bible.
71 Jack's first name.
72 A pet in the family.
73 Lassie here?
74. A famous mom.
79 This should be easy to take.
80 Tyler's place
81 Neck wear
82 Party nuts
83 On the rocks
89 Temperamental
91 Another version of 14 Across.
92 Manny's last name
94 Jack pour in plume
95 Halves in the good old days
96 They scrape alone.

DOWN

1 One of the Fords
2 It's last name.
3 He loves Latin.
4 Act III of *Our Town*
5 Fed below.
6 He's adam on the watch.
7 Friend from Timons
8. This means you.
9. Lord High Everything Else.
10. A kind of cake.
11 Man of many expressions
12 Gulf of Greece
13 Hammer or sickle
21. There's a catch to this one.
23 Authorized signature
25 Where to find the sea coast.
27 I see Blake for this
28 Little middlemen
29 Vibe from Virginia
31 St. Louis libs one
32 She gives nothing to Blake.
33 Tar on guard
35 Cherry
37 Not quite a shutout.
42 He plays a role in Oklahoma.
43 Lace of this speech
45. He puts away a lot of stuff.
46 They're pecans and canned
47 Scales have them
48 Sand bars
49 Hothouse plants
51 You can rely on this
53 One way to open a letter
55 The talk of the town
56 They used to meet you in St. Louis
57 Homes for hitch-hikers
58 He's related to Milton
60 Reading matter
61 Carole's first name
62 A little Old Irish
64 It blossoms on certain family trees
66 Air-borne animal
67 Decorating Cretins
68 The lady's in the apple-strudel.
69 If you get this, you'll feel bad.
71 Famous name in Italy
75 It's down, I see, a iron
76. A kind of lens.
77 This is a put-out.
78 Come again
80 The girl with Ronald
82 He played the Fire Music.
84 This is a big blow
85 It's very irregular in France
86 What the poker player does
88 This is a pipe
90. It's good to eat with honey

ACROSS

1. They need keepers.
6. An example of free trade.
10. Bats back.
14. Mother's last name.
15. He sounds as if he did or didn't
16. This will make you lightheaded.
17. It has a bank in the Latin quarter.
18. She goes with Marie.
19. This gives you quite a turn.
20. Work for the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.
22. Man of metal.
24. Places to go in the springs.
26. Man about oure towne.
27. Something to wear.
30. What war is, in London.
31. Begin work here.
34. — a doornail.
36. Something to do with love.
38. Write nothing in French.
39. A kind of diction.
40. Word of greeting in the south-land.
41. It comes between red and beet.
42. Lewis is full of them.
44. Appropriate part of gardener.
45. Mum's the word.
46. This will take effort.
47. It's as easy as pie.
50. Famous Mr. Anthony.
52. Diamond robberies.
53. Famous T-man.
54. A desk, or a runner around it.
55. Percolates.
56. This is certainly not hers.
59. A date that Julius didn't like. Abb.
61. Bye-bye, baby.
63. Reds on the reservation.
64. Bad girl of Shakespeare.
65. He's always up in the air.
66. A famous Scott.
67. He's the type to hound the Baskervilles.
68. What the uncomic comics are.
70. It's supple with some.
71. Aches, in France.
72. Call of the wild.
73. Something to do with your cake.
74. Perfect stage set for *Outward Bound*.
79. Garry's first name.
81. Blue Eagle's original monogram.
83. It always goes up in smoke.
87. Why west doesn't speak least.
89. Ditto.
91. Be this on your head.
92. Bona fide challenge.
93. Dandy's last name.
94. Park man.
95. Members of the Bull Moose.
96. Short man.

DOWN

1. The heart of the matter.
2. What Nero certainly was.
3. Reg's last name.
4. They're at sea at sea.
5. Popeye's baby.
6. King-size footwear.
7. A bump on a hog.
8. Look up to.
9. Examples of playing with your feet.
10. It's really too bad!
11. Ride in an airplane.
12. Landed with a broken tail.
13. Stuff and nonsense.
21. Dig these.
23. You can catch the flu with this.
25. Any girl at Hollywood and Vine.
27. Avis' first name.
28. The state you buy something in.
29. It's a thought.
31. Lassie loved him.
32. You'll find help here.
33. Novel girl of 100 years ago.
35. Substitute for saw.
37. Bent.
42. Nilly's friends.
43. Something the poets can't do without.
45. Took a good look.
46. Little one and others.
47. Poetic letters.
48. Now and then.
49. A first-grade publication.
51. Members of the stag line.
53. Time to come.
55. The opposite of hardly ever.
56. Talk about the price of eggs.
57. Where the Apennines play.
58. Assent with the best judgment.
60. It's not all yours.
61. Kind of house on Broadway.
62. It's pretty rocky.
64. You'll get an A for this.
66. Mason's helper.
67. Saving things at the ringside.
68. Junior's marble.
69. March girl.
71. Somewhat familiar place.
75. Get away from.
76. He came between Harry and Dick.
77. Bridal path.
78. A kind of blazer.
80. It's a racket.
82. Running wild.
84. Gift to a departing suitor.
85. Makes mad.
86. What G I's like to be at.
88. Famous Mr. Stein.
90. Better half of a Navy man.

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SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

AS SIMPLE AS THAT

Sirs:

Bob Hall deserves congratulations upon two counts: First, he contributed to SI an interesting and informative article on the college football television problem. Second, he flushed Bernard Honan of Lebanon, Ind., whose letter-to-the-editor appears in SI's Jan. 24 issue.

Honan set out in his communication to disparage Hall's statements; but he succeeded in proving Hall's case with full conclusiveness.

By his own comments Honan shows himself to be an enthusiastic football fan. Fortunately for him, he resides within easy driving distance of eight stadiums in which major college football contests regularly take place. However, he insists upon getting his football via TV. He wants nothing but the best—and, if he doesn't get what he considers to be the best, he feels that he is being mistreated.

I wish that Honan were unique. The truth, I fear, is that he is typical of a large number of football followers. Honan and others with the same point of view constitute the reason why the NCAA must exercise control of football telecasts if the game of intercollegiate football is to survive.

What baffles me . . . why Honan *et al* don't realize that if television carried all of the games which they want to see, there would soon be no games to televise. No sponsor of a sports event can give away millions of free tickets through television and expect to sell some thousands of them at the same time. It is all as simple as that.

ASA S. BUSHNELL
Commissioner
Eastern College Athletic Conference
New York

THAT TRUE-BLUE FAN

Sirs:

Just completed reading the letter from Bernard Honan in rebuff to the article by Robt. Hall (SI, Jan. 10). If Honan is disgusted with Mr. Hall and his opinions, he should know my opinion of his views. . . . First, he is located near not less than eight schools which he deems to have football teams worthy of his attention. Teams he could see with a minimum of travel and expense. But, does this true-blue fan go to see any of these schools play their games? Of course not, and furthermore he announces proudly to one and all that he is a TV fan. This probably causes wild exotic dances of joy by the athletic departments of the schools in his vicinity. He plainly says that about all he is prepared to spend for a Saturday afternoon of fun is his time, at the TV of course. So, when a national sponsor and the NCAA cater to him, it is only natural to suppose that he will appreciate the offering. . . . But again, poor mistreated Mr. Honan fails them, and he writes letters just dripping with vitriol in stern rebuke. Why, you say? Why simply because that stupid fellow who makes up the schedule of games for TV did not schedule the game dear Bernard wanted to see. . . . He suspects that the NCAA, the TV station, the teams playing that day are all in one big cloak-and-dagger operation and are sitting up nights thinking up bad games to put on the TV, and ruin his Saturday afternoon. However, he soon gets solace from the thought that tomorrow (Sunday) at 1 the pros will be on. Oh happy day. . . . Just imparting would the total Honan know that his letter has shattered Sid Gillman, coach of the L.C. Bearcats. When he reads that a real fan such as you had never heard of him he has become quite a problem. He has locked himself in seclusion, refuses all foods, and we here in the town are afraid he might consider suicide. Just a shattered man. Please accept this bit of advice, Mr. Honan, if you do you will find a greater peace of mind: investigate the various buttons on your set, you will find one of them is marked "on" and "off." Please make use of this when you do not care for what you see on your set. . . .

JAMES GRIGGS

Cincinnati

AWFUL INSINUATIONS

Sirs:

This letter is directed to Mr. Bernard Honan. First of all, orchids to SI for the finest sport publication on the newsstands today. Since I am a graduate of Western Michigan College of Education, Kalamazoo, I was a little ashamed of what Kalamazoo's "Average Reader" said about your periodical (SI, Jan. 17, 19th HOLE), but "Forgive them, they know not what they do."

Now for Mr. Honan. Sir, I am in agreement with most of your rebuttal to Robbert Hall on NCAA TV. However, you made some awful insinuating remarks that I just can't go along with at all. I quote, "Who wants to see Miami play Cincinnati any time anywhere? Certainly no football fan, because they don't play football. Haven't the players nor the coach and don't know how."

You couldn't be further from reality, Mr. Honan. Or don't you remember what Miami did to your dear old state institution last fall? Tsk, tsk. And just a week after it had topped a good Michigan team. Or perhaps you've never heard of "Stu" Holcomb, former mentor at *Miami*? Or more recent, ever heard of Woody Hayes who left the Oxford, Ohio campus to lead Ohio State to a Big Ten title, a mythical championship, and a Rose Bowl win?

They don't play football? Please, that's going too far. Let's take a look at Miami's schedule for next season. Northwestern, Indiana and Marquette. Why that's a better slate than some major colleges play (Maryland, for example), and I guess it doesn't mean anything to have had one of the longest winning streaks in the country as Cincinnati had early last fall—against some tough competition.

As for the players—the state of Ohio has long been recognized as one of the nation's best for producing college material. Ask Mr. Hayes or Mr. Holcomb what they think of the type ballplayer enrolled at these two schools. I think that they will agree with me that the fellas are plenty tough. I know—I've played against them and certainly vouch for that. Indeed, they tackle and block just as hard as any Big Ten ballplayer. . . .

CHUCK HIGGINS

Dundalk, Md.

MR. AVERAGE READER (CONT'D)

Sirs:

I am . . . a charter subscriber to this turkey SI—French pheasant shoots—skiing in Africa—bull fighting—"Wonderful World of Sports"—Phooey!! I've been gypped.

M. J. MCDONALD

Chicago

MY COMPLAINT IS

Sirs:

I have read each issue of SI and believe that "Average Reader," who thinks your generally excellent mag has forgotten him, has a good point. Also, I don't think your terse comment, "Time will tell," answers his point.

Professionally, no one can deny that SI is a good product, but—are you reaching the average sports fan? I doubt it. SI evoked a great deal of comment when it first arrived on the newsstand. More comment was caused by your current expose of boxing. But it's not the average guy who is making the comment.

"Average Reader" complains that you haven't covered his favorite sports—hunting and fishing—enough. My complaint is that you haven't reached the mass sporting audience.

As you are well aware, there is one large school in the journalistic world that contends all readers are of the grade school level and that a publication must be edited on this level. I don't agree with this school, but it does seem that your magazine isn't edited to reach the guy who spends his dollar for a bleacher seat at the ball park.

As you might suspect, I have a particular gripe. This concerns your coverage of pro basketball, which has been spotty at best. Although you run the scores and league standings of the National Basketball Association clubs in your SCOREBOARD department. . . .

Hope you don't mind a kibitzer (and I really enjoyed your story about the Culbertson bridge match).

RALPH J. WILLIAMSON
State Editor
Oneida *Daily Dispatch*

Oneida, N.Y.

● But do they play bridge in the bleachers?—ED.

AVERAGE MISS

Sirs:

Quote: . . . "My opinion as to what is wrong with SI:" (Them's fighting words!) "Where am I? Where is Mister Average Sportsman???"

You will have to answer the first yourself, Mr. Average Reader. You will find Mr.

Average Sportsman in SI. After reading his letter, I couldn't resist checking a *few* back issues. How about his doing same? I suggest, Oct. 25, Nov. 8, 15 and 22. If he is not satisfied with the hunting and fishing coverage, I suggest he check with the Michigan State Conservation Dept. They put out some good stuff but I'm afraid they can't reach him every time. They want to reach all Michigan hunters and fishermen and trappers, etc. Just as SI wants to reach *all* sportsmen, amateur or pro, hunter or skier, rich or poor. We all like to see ourselves but it sure would be tiring if we had a mirror in front of us at all times.

I feel I must quote him again . . . "Today we are fed a diet of skiing articles, *but here in Michigan beside the small handful of young people who visit ski resorts . . .*" For the *handful*, I have a quote from a local newspaper: "The Bureau of Business Research at Michigan State College found some 65,000 people [didn't state the age range] haunted the ski resorts here last year." Young people? Yes, between the ages of 4 and 50. How about taking a look at Echo Valley sometime when you are lucky enough to have snow.

"MISS AVERAGE READER"

Battle Creek, Mich.

PERHAPS SOME DAY

Sirs:

In answer to "Average Reader," I believe I, also, am an average reader and can in some ways sympathize with "Average Reader" but in other ways disagree with him.

I think that some issues of your magazine may leave out the average reader but all in all I think yours is the best of its kind and I am sure that I will see it on the newsstands, in the barber shop, and in a hundred other places, if not a million other places in 1966, 1977, and many years to follow.

Here in the Army I think that I come in contact with as many Average Readers as with any other kind and all I have heard from them, as I rescue my weekly issue of SI, is praise for its complete coverage of all kinds of sports. There are a great many sports that I don't, in particular, care for, but after reading about them in SI I have become quite interested in them and intend to try them all if I ever can.

As your editors pointed out in an early issue you could not, conceivably, cover all sports in every issue and I think you have done a tremendous job in covering as many sports in every issue.

The thing that tends to make Average Reader think this is a FORTUNE magazine for sports, in my opinion, would be the various articles on sports cars and the wearing apparel that is common to that particular type folk. I do believe that sports cars are a trifle out of my reach but I still like to read about them and to admire the clothes, fashions, etc. that are connected with them. Perhaps, some day, I can live and do as some of the people you picture. I am a devotee of Stock Car Racing and drove in Peoria, Ill. one season before coming into the Army late in 1950. I am more used to going to races in work clothes rather than the elaborate layouts of Jim Kimberly and his crew. Nevertheless I do not feel as if your magazine is written any more with Mr. Kimberly in mind than with me in mind. . . .

SGT. C. E. GEITNER JR.

Ft. Carson, Colo.

THE RIGHTS OF EVERYDAY YOUTH

Sirs:

Let me join "Mr. Average Reader" (Jan. 17, 19TH HOLE). He expressed my thoughts exactly. I've been boiling since your Jan. 3 issue where you failed to include Joe Leonard, 1954 national motorcycle racing champion in your gallery of 1954 headliners. He compiled a record unmatched in all of motorcycling history.

GRAND CHAMPION LEONARD

SI . . . has failed to give its readers the right balance of sport coverage we had a right to expect. For instance the bull-ugh-fighting and squash (which probably 99% of the readers will confuse with a vegetable) articles in your Jan. 17 issue.

Q. E. LUMPKIN

Gadsden, Ala.

● Joe Leonard has come a long way in his fourth year of competition. In 1954 Leonard placed first in eight top meets, enough to make him the first Grand National Champion. His eight wins:

AMA 100-Mile National, Laconia, N.H.
AMA 75-Mile National, Wilmot, Wis.
20-Mile National (dirt track), Bay Meadows, Cal.
25-Mile National (dirt track), Springfield, Ill.
8-Mile for mile tracks at Indianapolis.
9-Mile for ½ mile tracks at Hammond, Ind.
45-cubic inch TT National, Peoria, Ill.
80-cubic inch TT National, Peoria, Ill.—ED.

SPORTS MUST BE SHARED

Sirs:

I have a grievance, but it is towards my fellow subscribers. I think that most of them who write in and complain that you didn't play up this sport as much as that one have never shared anything with anyone. Sports must be shared to be enjoyed. There must be fellowship and equal admiration and respect for one another or there will be no fair play in sports. Anyone who truly loves sports will find that understanding is necessary. Understanding that not everyone in the world likes the same thing.

The only other things which bother me are that the magazine is not big enough and only comes once a week.

JIM MERRITT

Hickory, N.C.

A FORM OF WORSHIP

Sirs:

By a coincidence, SI and the *Hibbert Journal of Great Britain* published articles, simultaneously, on bull fighting and bull sacrifice: the one as a sport, and the other as the central act of worship of the ancient Persian religion of Mithraism. The unearthing in the heart of London, recently, of a temple to the sun-god Mithras proves that this pagan religion extended not only to Spain but to Great Britain. Had Christianity not met the challenge of Mithraism

THE RENEWAL OF LIFE

and conquered, it is probable that the gory sport, which John Stanton describes in your issue of Jan. 17, would today be carried on as a form of worship in churches instead of being confined to the bull rings.

The sculptured panel *(see cut)* shows Mithras in the act of slaying a bull. From the tail of the dying animal sprout ears of corn, a dog eagerly licks the blood which pours from the wound in its neck, while a snake and other reptiles feed on it from below. Bull killing symbolized the renewal of life and of life-giving power.

The ancient sport of bull killing probably takes its origin in these rites.

JOHN ROSS STIRRETT

Toronto

WHERE?

Sirs:

I have just seen your Jan. 24 number featuring *Maids on a Mission*, and I notice that nowhere in the article do you give any indication of where the Swedish athletes can be seen.

If they're playing the East coast, as you say, most likely they'll visit either Baltimore or Washington—perhaps even the Naval Academy in Annapolis. . . .

MERLE SHORE

St. John's College
Annapolis

● The Swedish Gymnasts will be in Baltimore, March 4 at the American Turners. Other stops:

2 Feb. Notre Dame U., South Bend
4 Feb. U. of Wisconsin, Madison

continued on next page

7 Feb. La Crosse St., La Crosse, Wis.
8 Feb. Iowa State U., Iowa City
10 Feb. U. of Illinois, Champaign
13 Feb. Kansas St., Manhattan, Kan.
15 Feb. SMU, Dallas, Texas
19 Feb. U. of Texas, Austin
21 Feb. Louisiana St., Baton Rouge
22 Feb. Miss. So. Coll., Hattiesburg
25 Feb. U. of Florida, Gainesville
26 Feb. Florida St., Tallahassee
28 Feb. Auburn U., Auburn, Ala.
1 Mar. Georgia Tech, Atlanta
2 Mar. N. Carolina U., Chapel Hill
—ED.

COME AGAIN

Sirs:

Enjoyed your coverage of the Swedes as did every gymnast and fan in the metropolitan area. . . . SI is giving this cause a boost! It would have been appreciated even more during the Christmas holidays in Sarasota, Florida, where the National Gymnastic Clinic held the 4th annual meeting,

READER SCROBE ON PARALLEL BARS

nationally. Here, during this week, were gathered the cream of America's gymnasts and coaches and hundreds of gymnast enthusiasts. It was truly a spectacle and the citizens of Sarasota want us back again next year! We hope that SI will be around!

EDWARD J. SCROBE
Captain, 1948–52
U.S. Olympic Gymnastic Teams
Setauket, N.Y.

● Christmas in Florida sounds fine.—ED.

BON VOYAGE

Sirs:

In a recent issue of SI I read with interest the article *The Cozy Caribbean* by Horace Sutton and was particularly interested in the island Bequia which I would like to visit.

Can you advise me where I may obtain further information regarding transportation to the island and accommodations there? . . .

S. F. MEACHEN
Trumbull, Conn.

● Thirty cents and good sea legs will get you to Bequia (pronounced Beckwee) via the daily 2 p.m. sloop from St. Vincent B.W.I., but this two-hour odyssey is recommended only between April and June when winds and sea are calm. The easy way is the twice-a-week $6 plane service. Arriving at Port Elizabeth you will find Mrs. Morgan's Guest House half a mile from Admiralty Bay's north jetty. A day's room and board comes to $2.50. The Sunny Caribbee is a little more elaborate, but a month's room, good food and afternoon tea on the lawn still adds up to only $40. Mrs. Edwards will rent you a shore-line bungalow for about $30 a month with an additional $5 for a servant. Bequia is truly a paradise island, beautiful, slow moving and very simple. The shingled huts obscured by mangoes, soursop, hog plums and cactus fruit, nightly torchlight fishing off Morality Bay for grouper, sprats and barracuda and the weaving traffic of schooners, yawls and sloops in the bays have not changed at all for a hundred years.—ED.

THE BIGGEST IS CHICAGO

Sirs:

A. C. Spectorsky's piece on what's new in boats and boating for 1955 (SI, Jan. 17) should be a joy to just about everybody who looks to the waterways for recreation. The article was particularly appealing to me since boating is both my profession and my hobby.

However, I wonder why Mr. Spectorsky says that the boat show held in the Kingsbridge Armory in New York is "the biggest" of the various boating expositions to be held across the country this year.

According to the New York show's press book "a record-sized fleet of 380 recreational craft" were to have been exhibited there. On the other hand, there will be a total of 541 recreational craft at the Chicago National Boat Show, which will be held in the International Amphitheatre here February 4–13 under the auspices of the Outboard Boating Club of America.

EDWARD S. SPANKE
Chicago

● Both shows are impressive testimonials to the U.S.'s booming interest in boating. New York leads in sales, number of large craft and gadgetry displays. Chicago, an increasingly aggressive rival, puts the emphasis on small crafts such as dinghies and row boats, boasts of a steady increase in sales, exhibits and attendance.—ED.

IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE

Sirs:

SI sure gets around. A few weeks ago a customer of ours, in from Switzerland, dropped in the office. After a while the talk drifted from business to sports and relaxation. Then, out of a clear sky, the visitor mentioned SI. It goes without saying that I was a bit flabbergasted. My guest then explained.

Somehow he had gotten hold of the copy of SI in which Sir Arnold Lunn had written his article on skiing (SI, Dec. 13). Being an avid skier, he had fallen in love with SI at first sight. He also had picked up a copy of your magazine on the plane over—and now he was very anxious to see the latest issue. I sent a boy down to pick up a copy, and you never saw such a smile of delight on a full-grown man as he had reading SI again.

He took SI to lunch with him and after the meal he gave me an order about two times the size I had expected. It was the best quarter I ever invested.

STEPHEN A. KAHN
New York
P.S. I love SI myself, too.

TREAT OF TREATS

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's article on hockey's Gordie Howe and Co. (SI, Jan. 24) was no better than his previous story on Maurice Richard (SI, Dec. 6) which to my estimation was the finest sports article in a long time.

Once again Mr. Wind has successfully grasped the dash, color and art of that fine game, ice hockey. The embellishing color shots of your usual high standard just made things more delicious.

But the treat of treats was William Faulkner's candid description of his first hockey game. He was as accurate as an electron microscope, and vastly more entertaining.

STAN FISCHLER
Brooklyn

HE TOOK MY WORDS

Sirs:

Your Jan. 24 issue was very appealing to me especially since you offered two excellent articles on ice hockey, a game which has recently caught my fancy. When I came home from my first game I marveled at the splendid speed, lusty checking and unique goal tending but never could express it as wonderfully as William Faulkner. He took the words right out of my mouth!

Also enjoyed the feature on Gordon Howe of the Red Wings. Mr. Wind sensibly took a neutral stand on the longstanding Richard-Howe superiority controversy.

IRA J. SHEIER
Albany, New York

GENTLEMEN PREFER SLOAN

Sirs:

This is the first time I have written a letter either affirming or denying any of the many things that have been said about me or my ex-husband in various publications. Most of them have been highly inaccurate. However, the remark that Mr. John Stanton has made in his article *Only the Brave* (SI, Jan. 17), about my ex-husband is the crowning blow.

Mr. Stanton has said, "La Punta's peppery owners, Don Paco and Don Pepe Madrazo, are furiously angry with the impresario for selling the reservations to their traditional seats in Plaza Mexico to former U.S. Ambassador Bill O'Dwyer and others. . . ." Paco and Pepe Madrazo may quite well be "furiously angry" with the impresario of the Plaza Mexico, but not for that reason.

During the entire time Mr. O'Dwyer and I were in Mexico, our seats were beside those of Mr. Madrazo and Tono Algara at their invitation. These gentlemen are very good friends of ours and they were kind enough to give me quite a good basic education in the art of bullfighting.

SLOAN SIMPSON
New York

Signac and His Friends Sailing, 1924, by Pierre Bonnard, Kunsthaus, Zurich.

"The sea has no memory, as it has no compassion and no age and, alone and complete in itself, no need for man. To become whole with it man needs his boat and a friend or two to help him work it. These together can compete with the spectacle he has challenged, and it is not strange that his boat should become a loved and almost living thing."

Judge Curtis Bok, "Transatlantic Passage," 1954

A reprint of this painting and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. H, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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